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ESSAYS.

BY

DR. GOLDSMITH.

COLLECTA REVIRESCUNT.

VOL. I.

PUBLISHED BY

J. CONRAD & CO. NO. 30, CHESNUT-STREET, PHILADELPHIA; M. & J. CONRAD & CO. NO. 138, MARKET-STREET, BALTIMORE; RAPIN, CONRAD, & CO. WASHINGTON; SOMERVELL & CONRAD, PETERSBURG; AND BONSAL, CONRAD, & CO. NORFOLK.

T. & G. PALMER, PRINTERS, HIGH-STREET.

1804.

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THE BEE,

A SELECT

COLLECTION OF ESSAYS,

ON THE MOST

INTERESTING AND ENTERTAINING SUBJECTS.

FIRST PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1759.

THE BEE, NO. I.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1759.

THERE is not, perhaps, a more whimsically dismal figure in nature, than a man of real modesty who assumes an air of impudence; who, while his heart beats with anxiety, studies ease, and affects good humour. In this situation, however, a periodical writer often finds himself, upon his first attempt to address the public in form. All his power of pleasing is damped by solicitude, and his cheerfulness dashed with apprehension. Impressed with the terrors of the tribunal before which he is going to appear, his natural humour turns to pertness, and for real wit he is obliged to substitute vivacity. His first publication draws a crowd; they part dissatisfied; and the author, never more to be indulged with a favourable hearing, is left, to condemn the indelicacy of his own address, or their want of discernment.

For my part, as I was never distinguished for address, and have often even blundered in making my bow, such bodings as these had like to have totally repressed my ambition. I was at a loss whether to give the *public* specious promises, or give none; whether to *be merry* or sad on this solemn occasion. If

should decline all merit, it was too probable tl
reader might have taken me at my word. If
other hand, like labourers in the magazine trad
with modest impudence, humbly presumed to
an epitome of all the good things that ever w
or written, this might have disgusted those r
most desire to please. Had I been merry, I mi
been censured as *vastly low;* and had I been sc
I might have been left to mourn in solitude and
in short, which ever way I turned, nothing p
but prospects of terror, despair, chandlers' sh
waste paper.

In this debate between fear and ambition,
lisher happening to arrive, interrupted for a w
anxiety. Perceiving my embarrassment about
my first appearance, he instantly offered his as
and advice: "You must know, sir," says he, "
"republic of letters is at present divided in
"classes. One writer, for instance, excels at
"a title-page, another works away the body of t
"and a third is a dab at an index. Thus a n
"is not the result of any single man's indus
"goes through as many hands as a new pin,
"is fit for the public. I fancy, sir," continues he
"provide an eminent hand, and upon moderat
"to draw up a promising plan to smooth up our
"a little, and pay them, as Colonel Charteries
"seraglio, at the rate of three half-pence in h
"three shillings more in promises."

He was proceeding in his advice, which, ho
thought proper to decline, by assuring him, t
intended to pursue no fixed method, so it was
ble to form any regular plan; determined nev
tedious, in order to be logical, wherever pleas
sented, I was resolved to follow. Like the Be
I had taken for the title of my paper, I wo
from flower to flower, with seeming inattent

ncealed choice, expatiate over all the beauties of the ason, and make my industry my amusement.

This reply may also serve as an apology to the reader, ho expects, before he sits down, a bill of his future ıtertainment. It would be improper to pall his curio- ty by lessening his surprize, or anticipate any pleasure am able to procure him, by saying what shall come ext. Thus much, however, he may be assured of, ıat neither war nor scandal shall make any part of it. lomer finely imagines his deity turning away with orror from the prospect of a field of battle, and seeking anquillity among a nation noted for peace and simpli- ity. Happy could any effort of mine, but for a mo- ıent, repress that savage pleasure some men find in ıe daily accounts of human misery! How gladly ould I lead them from scenes of blood and altercation, o prospects of innocence and ease, where every breeze reathes health, and every sound is but the echo of ranquillity!

But whatever the merit of his intentions may be, very writer is now convinced that he must be chiefly ndebted to good fortune for finding readers willing to llow him any degree of reputation. It has been re- narked that almost every character which has excited ither attention or praise, has owed part of its success o merit, and part to an happy concurrence of circum- tances in its favour. Had Cæsar or Cromwell ex- hanged countries, the one might have been a serjeant, nd the other an exciseman. So it is with wit, which enerally succeeds more from being happily addressed, han from its native poignancy. A *bon mot*, for in- stance, that might be relished at White's, may lose all its flavour when delivered at the Cat and Bag-pipes in St. Giles's. A jest calculated to spread at a gaming- table, may be received with a perfect neutrality of face, should it happen to drop in a mackrel-boat. We have all seen dunces triumph in some companies, when men

of real humour were disregarded, by a general combination in favour of stupidity. To drive the observation as far as it will go, should the labours of a writer, who designs his performances for readers of a more refined appetite, fall into the hands of a devourer of compilations, what can he expect but contempt and confusion! If his merits are to be determined by judges who estimate the value of a book from its bulk, or its frontispiece, every rival must acquire an easy superiority, who with persuasive eloquence promises four extraordinary pages of *letter press*, or three beautiful prints, curiously coloured from nature.

But to proceed; though I cannot promise as much entertainment, or as much elegance, as others have done, yet the reader may be assured he shall have as much of both as I can. He shall, at least, find me alive while I study his entertainment; for I solemnly assure him, I was never yet possessed of the secret at once of writing and sleeping.

During the course of this paper, therefore, all the wit and learning I have are heartily at his service; which if, after so candid a confession, he should, notwithstanding, still find it intolerably dull, low, or sad stuff, this I protest is more than I know. I have a clear conscience, and am entirely out of the secret.

Yet I would not have him, upon the perusal of a single paper, pronounce me incorrigible: he may try a second, which, as there is a studied difference in subject and style, may be more suited to his taste; if this also fails, I must refer him to a third, or even to a fourth, in case of extremity: if he should still continue refractory, and find me dull to the last, I must inform him, with Bayes in the Rehearsal, that I think him a very odd kind of a fellow, and desire no more of his acquaintance.

It is with such reflections as these I endeavour to *fortify myself* against the future contempt or neglect

e readers, and am prepared for their dislike by
l recrimination. If such should impute dealing
· in battles nor scandal to me as a fault, instead
uiescing in their censure, I must beg leave to
:m a story.

·aveller, in his way to Italy, happening to pass at
)t of the Alps, found himself at last in a country
the inhabitants had each a large excrescence
ling from the chin, like the pouch of a monkey.
leformity, as it was endemic, and the people little
o strangers, it had been the custom, time imme-
, to look upon as the greatest ornament of the
ı visage. Ladies grew toasts from the size of
:hins, and none were regarded as pretty fellows,
ch whose faces were broadest at the bottom. It
ınday, a country church was at hand, and our tra-
was willing to perform the duties of the day.
his first appearance at the church door, the eyes
were naturally fixed upon the stranger; but what
ıeir amazement, when they found that he actu-
ranted that emblem of beauty, a pursed chin!
was a defect that not a single creature had si ffi-
gravity (though they were noted for being grave)
hstand. Stifled bursts of laughter, winks, and
ers circulated from visage to visage, and the pris-
figure of the stranger's face was a fund of infinite
; even the parson, equally remarkable for his
y and chin, could hardly refrain joining in the
ıumour. Our traveller could no longer patiently
ue an object for deformity to point at. Good folks,
.e, I perceive that I am the unfortunate cause of
s good humour. It is true, I may have faults in
ance, but I shall never be induced to reckon my
)f a swelled face among the number.

On a beautiful YOUTH *struck blind with lightning.*

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH.

LUMINE Acon dextro capta est Leonida sinistro,
Et poterat forma vincere uterque Deos.
Parve puer, lumen quod habes concede puellæ;
Sic tu cæcus amor, sic erit illa Venus.

REMARKS ON OUR THEATRES.

OUR theatres are now opened, and all Grub-street is preparing its advice to the managers; we shall undoubtedly hear learned disquisitions on the structure of one actor's legs, and another's eye-brows. We shall be told much of enunciations, tones, and attitudes, and shall have our lightest pleasures commented upon by didactic dulness. We shall, it is feared, be told, that Garrick is a fine actor, but then as a manager, so avaricious! That Palmer is a most surprising genius, and Holland likely to do well in a particular cast of character. We shall have them giving Shuter instructions to amuse us by rule, and deploring over the ruins of desolated majesty at Covent-Garden. As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our theatres and actors, *without,* on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts *into the formality* of method.

There is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than among the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company and in every coffee-house he enters. An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate nature from an imitation of nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance; such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

Though it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may show the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgment. We scarcely see a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have seen others still preserve a great fund of humour in the face without a mask; one actor, particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This, though upon reflection we might condemn, yet immediately upon representation we could not avoid being pleased with. To *illustrate what* I have been saying by the plays I

have of late gone to see: in the Miser, which played a few nights ago at Covent-Garden, Loveg appears through the whole in circumstances of ex gerated avarice; all the player's action, theref should conspire with the poet's design, and repres him as an epitome of penury. The French comedi in this character, in the midst of one of his most lent passions, while he appears in a most ungoverna rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into flap of his coat-pocket with great assiduity. Two c dles are lighted up for his wedding; he flies, and tu one of them into the socket; it is, however, lighted again; he then steals to it, and privately crams it i his pocket. The Mock Doctor was lately playec the other house. Here again the comedian had an portunity of heightening the ridicule by action. T French player sits in a chair with an high back, then begins to show away by talking nonsense, wh he would have thought Latin by those who he kn do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the cc pany, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the m of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair back together. All this appears dull enough in recital; but the gravity of Cato could not stand i the representation. In short there is hardly a cha ter in comedy, to which a player of any real hum might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fai applause. But instead of this, we too often see our gentlemen do nothing through a whole part, but st and open their snuff-box; our pretty fellows sit in cently with their legs across, and our clowns pull their breeches. These, if once, or even twice rep ed, might do well enough; but to see them served in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren the character he would expose.

The magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe, where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiæ of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other design but to remark upon the stage; but there are several improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As, for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner than laying the carpet of bloody work at Drury-lane. Our little pages also with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping princess, and our aukward lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility; but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

Beauty methinks seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and for my part I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive a hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, we see an actress, that *might act the* Wapping Landlady without a bolster,

pining in the character of Jane Shore, and, while i wieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audie that she is dying with hunger!

For the future then, I could wish that the parts the young or beautiful were given to performers of s able figures; for I must own, I could rather see t stage filled with agreeable objects, though they mi sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded w withered or mis-shapen figures, be their emphasis, a think it is called, ever so proper. The first may h the aukward appearance of new-raised troops; but viewing the last I cannot avoid the mortification fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

THE

STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

TRANSLATED FROM A BYZANTINE HISTORIAN.

ATHENS, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or encreased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number; he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which *avaricious* governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow-student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both. Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered

the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived to such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or prætor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia; for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party.

He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stript of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into the region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his skill in hunting was all that was *allowed him to* supply a precarious subsistence. Con-

demned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to fly. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival, Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of, but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice; and in the evening when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another. Night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight, when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found

next morning, and this naturally induced a further e
quiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examine
Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately appr
hended and accused of robbery and murder. Th
circumstances against him were strong, and the wretc
edness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Mi
fortune and he were now so long acquainted, that l
at last became regardless of life. He detested a wor
where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, a
cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Th
lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound wi
cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proc
were positive against him, and he offered nothing in h
own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceedi
to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious deat
when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he disc
vered, through all his misery, the features, though di
with sorrow, of his long lost, loved Alcander. It
impossible to describe his joy and his pain on th
strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the pe
son he most loved on earth, distressed at finding hi
in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contendi
passions, he flew from his tribunal, and falling on the ne
of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distre
The attention of the multitude was soon, however, d
vided by another object. The robber, who had be
really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, a
struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He w
brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted eve
other person of any partnership in his guilt. Ne
the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shar
the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimi
lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to
engraved on his tomb, "That no circumstances a
so desperate, which Providence may not relieve."

A LETTER FROM A TRAVELLER.

IY DEAR WILL, *Cracow, Aug.* 2, 1758.

YOU see by the date of my letter that I am ar-
d in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an
? When will my restless disposition give me
e to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I
ught all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in
y, I found myself still in want of something, and ex-
ted to leave solicitude behind me by going into
nelia, and now you find me turning back, still ex-
ting ease every where, but where I am. It is now
n years since I saw the face of a single creature
) cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive.
luded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship,
ociety, I feel the solitude of a hermit, but not his
e.

The prince of *** has taken me in his train, so that
n no danger of starving for this bout. The prince's
ernor is a rude ignorant pedant, and his tutor a bat-
ed rake: thus, between two such characters, you
y imagine he is finely instructed. I made some
mpts to display all the little knowledge I had ac-
red by reading or observation; but I find myself
arded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall
er be able to acquire a power of expressing myself
h ease in any language but my own; and out of my
n country the highest character I can ever acquire,
hat of being a philosophic vagabond.

When I consider myself in the country which was
e so formidable in war, and spread terror and de-
ation over the whole Roman empire, I can hardly
ount for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity

of its inhabitants; a prey to every invader; their cities plundered without an enemy; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in a strange disorder; when our equipage, which consists of the prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniencies to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving, with extasy, about two-pence for her trouble. In general we were better served by the women than the men on those occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront sevenfold! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted a habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and their *ideas: their* ears and shoulders taught their souls to

shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments fancied themselves disengaged.

The enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels is never so strong, as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts, (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast) that I am of that happy country; though I scorn to starve there; though I do not choose to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to hold by, or a friend except you to confide in *. Yours, &c.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE LATE MR. MAUPERTUIS.

MR. MAUPERTUIS, lately deceased, was the first to whom the English philosophers owed their being particularly admired by the rest of Europe. The romantic system of Des Cartes was adapted to the taste of the superficial and the indolent; the foreign universities had embraced it with ardour, and such are seldom convinced of their errors till all others give up such false opinions as untenable. The philosophy of Newton, and the metaphysics of Locke, appeared; but, like all new truths, they were at once received with opposition and contempt. The English, it is true,

* The sequel of this correspondence to be continued occasionally. I shall alter nothing either in the style or substance of these letters, and the reader may depend on their being genuine

studied, understood, and consequently admired the
it was very different on the continent. Fontenelle, v
seemed to preside over the republic of letters, unw
ling to acknowledge that all his life had been spent
erroneous philosophy, joined in the universal disapp
bation, and the English philosophers seemed entir
unknown.

Maupertuis, however, made them his study;
thought he might oppose the physics of his count
and yet still be a good citizen: he defended our co
trymen, wrote in their favour, and at last, as he
truth on his side, carried his cause. Almost all
learning of the English, till very lately, was conve
in the language of France. The writings of Mauper
spread the reputation of his master Newton, and b
happy fortune have united his fame with that of
human prodigy.

The first of his performances, openly in vindicat
of the Newtonian system, is his treatise entitu
Sur la figure des Astres, if I remember right; a w
at once expressive of a deep geometrical knowlec
and the most happy manner of delivering abstr
science with ease. This met with violent opposit
from a people, though fond of novelty in every th
else, yet, however, in matters of science, attachec
ancient opinions with bigotry. As the old and
stinate fell away, the youth of France embraced
new opinions, and now seem more eager to def
Newton than even his countrymen.

The oddity of character which great men are so
times remarkable for, Maupertuis was not entir
free from. If we can believe Voltaire, he once
tempted to castrate himself; but whether this be t
or no, it is certain he was extremely whimsi
Though born to a large fortune, when employec
mathematical enquiries, he disregarded his perso
such a degree, and loved retirement so much, tha

has been more than once put on the list of modest beggars by the curates of Paris, when he retired to some private quarter of the town, in order to enjoy his meditations without interruption. The character given of him by one of Voltaire's antagonists, if it can be depended upon, is much to his honour. You, says this writer to Mr. Voltaire, you were entertained by the king of Prussia as a buffoon, but Maupertuis as a philosopher. It is certain that the preference which this royal scholar gave to Maupertuis was the cause of Voltaire's disagreement with him. Voltaire could not bear to see a man, whose talents he had no great opinion of, preferred before him as president of the royal academy. His *Micromegas* was designed to ridicule Maupertuis; and probably it has brought more disgrace on the author than the subject. Whatever absurdities men of letters have indulged, and how fantastical soever the modes of science have been, their anger is still more subject to ridicule.

THE BEE, NO. II.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1759.

ON DRESS.

FOREIGNERS observe that there are no ladies in the world more beautiful, or more ill-dressed, than those of England. Our country-women have been compared to those pictures, where the face is the work of a Raphael; but the draperies thrown out by some empty pretender, destitute of taste, and entirely unacquainted with design.

If I were a poet, I might observe, on this occasion, that so much beauty set off with all the advantages of dress would be too powerful an antagonist for the opposite sex, and therefore it was wisely ordered, that our ladies should want taste, lest their admirers should entirely want reason.

But to confess a truth, I do not find they have a greater aversion to fine clothes than the women of any other country whatsoever. I cannot fancy that a shopkeeper's wife in Cheapside has a greater tenderness for the fortune of her husband than a citizen's wife in Paris; or that miss in a boarding-school is more an economist in dress than mademoiselle in a nunnery.

Although Paris may be accounted the soil in which almost every fashion takes its rise, its influence is never so general there as with us. They study there *the happy method* of uniting grace and fashion, and *never excuse* a woman for being awkwardly dress

by saying her clothes are made in the mode. A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby Doric shape with Corinthian finery; or to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion, only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty.

Our ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard for grace but the run of the town. If fashion gives the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature ceases. Sweeping trains, Prussian bonnets, and trollopees, as like each other as if cut from the same piece, level all to one standard. The mall, the gardens, and the playhouses are filled with ladies in uniform, and their whole appearance shows as little variety or taste as if their clothes were bespoke by the colonel of a marching regiment, or fancied by the same artist who dresses the three battalions of guards.

But not only ladies of every shape and complexion, but of every age too, are possessed of this unaccountable passion of dressing in the same manner. A lady in no quality can be distinguished from a lady of some quality only by the redness of her hands; and a woman of sixty, masked, might easily pass for her granddaughter. I remember, a few days ago, to have walked behind a damsel, tossed out in all the gaiety of fifteen; her dress was loose, unstudied, and seemed the result of conscious beauty. I called up all my poetry on this occasion, and fancied twenty Cupids prepared for execution in every folding of her white negligee. I had prepared my imagination for an angel's face; but what was my mortification to find that the imaginary goddess was no other than my cousin Hannah, four years older than myself, and I shall be sixty-two the twelfth of next November.

After the transports of our first salute were over, I could not avoid running my eye over her whole ap-

pearance. Her gown was of cambric, cut short before, in order to discover a high-heeled shoe, which was buckled almost at the toe. Her cap, if cap it might be called that cap was none, consisted of a few bits of cambric, and flowers of painted paper stuck on one side of her head. Her bosom, that had felt no hand, but the hand of time, these twenty years, rose suing, but in vain, to be pressed. I could, indeed, have wished her more than a handkerchief of Paris-net to shade her beauties; for, as Tasso says of the rose-bud, *Quanto si mostra men tanto epiu bella*, I should think her's most pleasing when least discovered.

As my cousin had not put on all this finery for nothing, she was at that time sallying out to the park, when I had overtaken her. Perceiving, however, that I had on my best wig, she offered, if I would 'squire her there, to send home the footman. Though I trembled for our reception in public, yet I could not, with any civility, refuse; so to be as gallant as possible, I took her hand in my arm, and thus we marched on together.

When we made our entry at the park, two antiquated figures, so polite and so tender as we seemed to be, soon attracted the eyes of the company. As we made our way among crowds who were out to show their finery as well as we, wherever we came I perceived we brought good-humour in our train. The polite could not forbear smiling, and the vulgar burst out into a horse laugh at our grotesque figures. Cousin Hannah, who was perfectly conscious of the rectitude of her own appearance, attributed all this mirth to the oddity of mine; while I as cordially placed the whole to her account. Thus, from being two of the best-natured creatures alive, before we got half way up the mall, we both began to grow peevish, and like two mice on a string endeavoured to revenge the impertinence of others upon ourselves. "I am amazed,

n Jeffery," says miss, " that I can never get you
ress like a christian. I knew we should have
eyes of the Park upon us, with your great wig so
ed, and yet so beggarly, and your monstrous
. I hate those odious muffs." I could have pa-
borne a criticism on all the rest of my equipage;
I had always a peculiar veneration for my muff,
l not forbear being piqued a little; and throwing
es with a spiteful air on her bosom, " I could
tily wish, madam," replied I, " that, for your
, my muff was cut into a tippet."

my cousin by this time was grown heartily
ed of her gentleman usher, and as I was never
ond of any kind of exhibition myself, it was mu-
agreed to retire for a while to one of the seats,
om that retreat remarked on others as freely as
iad remarked on us.

ien seated we continued silent for some time,
yed in very different speculations. I regarded
iole company, now passing in review before me,
iwn out merely for my amusement. For my
ainment the beauty had all that morning been
ving her charms, the beau had put on lace, and
oung doctor a big wig, merely to please me.
uite different were the sentiments of cousin
ah; she regarded every well-dressed woman as a
ious rival, hated every face that seemed dressed
od-humour, or wore the appearance of greater
ness than her own. I perceived her uneasiness,
tempted to lessen it, by observing that there was
mpany in the park to-day. To this she readily
ed; " and yet," says she, " it is full enough of
ibs of one kind or another." My smiling at this
vation gave her spirits to pursue the bent of her
ation, and now she began to exhibit her skill in
t history, as she found me disposed to listen.
serve," says she to me, " that old woman in

" tawdry silk, and dressed out even beyond the fash
" That is miss Biddy Evergreen. Miss Biddy, it see
" has money, and as she considers that money was n
" so scarce as it is now, she seems resolved to k
" what she has to herself. She is ugly enough you
" yet I assure you, she has refused several offers to
" own knowledge, within this twelvemonth. Let
" see, three gentlemen from Ireland who study the
" two waiting captains, her doctor, and a Scots preac
" who had like to have carried her off. All her t
" is passed between sickness and finery. Thus
" spends the whole week in a close chamber, with
" other company but her monkey, her apothecary,
" cat, and comes dressed out to the park every Sun
" to show her airs, to get new lovers, to catch a
" cold, and to make new work for the doctor.

" There goes Mrs. Roundabout; I mean the
" lady in the lutestring trollopee. Between you
" I, she is but a cutler's wife. See how she's dres
" as fine as hands and pins can make her, while
" two marriageable daughters, like bunters, in s
" gowns, are now taking six pennyworth of tea at
" White-conduit-house. Odious puss! how she w
" dles along, with her train two yards behind h
" She puts me in mind of my lord Bantam's Ind
" sheep, which are obliged to have their monstr
" tails trundled along in a go-cart. For all her airs
" goes to her husband's heart to see four yards of g
" lutestring wearing against the ground, like one of
" knives on a grindstone. To speak my mind, cou
" Jeffery, I never liked tails; for suppose a you
" fellow should be rude, and the lady should offer
" step back in a fright, instead of retiring, she tre
" upon her train, and falls fairly on her back; and th
" you know, cousin ....her clothes may be spoiled.

" Ah! miss Mazzard! I knew we should
" *miss her in the* park; she in the monstrous Pruss

" bonnet. Miss, though so very fine, was bred a mil-
" liner, and might have had some custom if she had
" minded her business; but the girl was fond of finery,
" and instead of dressing her customers, laid out all her
" goods in adorning herself. Every new gown she
" put on impaired her credit; she still, however, went
" on improving her appearance, and lessening her little
" fortune, and is now, you see, become a belle and a
" bankrupt."

My cousin was proceeding in her remarks, which were interrupted by the approach of the very lady she had been so freely describing. Miss had perceived her at a distance, and approached to salute her. I found, by the warmth of the two ladies' protestations, that they had been long intimate esteemed friends and acquaintance. Both were so pleased at this happy rencounter, that they were resolved not to part for the day. So we all crossed the park together, and I saw them in a hackney coach at the gate of St. James's. I could not, however, help observing, " That they are
" generally most ridiculous themselves, who are apt to
" see most ridicule in others."

SOME PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO

CHARLES XII,

NOT COMMONLY KNOWN.

Stockholm.

SIR,

I CANNOT resist your solicitations, thoug it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity The polite of every country seem to have but one ch racter. A gentleman of Sweden differs but litt except in trifles, from one of any other country. is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctio which characterize a people, and from them it is th I take my picture of the Swedes.

Though the Swedes in general appear to languis under oppression, which often renders others wicke or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, t same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civ and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you belie that in Sweden highway robberies are not so much heard of? For my part I have not in the whole cou try seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infini respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to the privy counsellors of Providence, who, on their pa turn this credulity to their own advantage, and mana their parishioners as they please. In general, howeve they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Hear ened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of ete nal rewards and punishments, they readily influen their hearers into justice, and make them practic philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons they are perfectly well made, nd, the men particularly, have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the coun- ry had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely appy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the ontrary, have neither such fair, nor such even com- lexions, and their features are much less delicate, hich is a circumstance different from that of almost very other country. Besides this, it is observed that ie women are generally afflicted with the itch, for hich Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an in- ance of this in one of the inns on the road. The ostess was one of the most beautiful women I have er seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could ot avoid admiring it. But what was my surprize, hen she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, perceive that seat of delight all covered with this sagreable distemper. The careless manner in which ie exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, suffi- ently testifies that they regard it as no very extraor- nary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. uch are the remarks, which probably you may think iffing enough, I have made in my journey to Stock- olm, which, to take it all together, is a large, beautiful, id even a populous city.

The arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curi- ities; it is a handsome spacious building, but how- er scantily supplied with the implements of war. o recompense this defect, they have almost filled it ith trophies, and other marks of their former military lory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, axon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at east enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new tandards are more easily made than new armies can e enlisted. I saw, besides, some very rich furniture, nd some of the crown jewels of great value; but what

principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the north ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus and the intrepid Charles XII died, by a fate not unusual to kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments; the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword, have nothing in them remarkable, the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious king, companion, and master.

Courage and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarcely seven years old, being at dinner with the queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapt too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously, but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The queen perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he *thanked her*, he was not hungry. They thought he *was taken ill*, and so repeated their solicitations.

in vain, though the poor child was already grown
ith the loss of blood. An officer who attended
:, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner
ed than betrayed his dog, who he knew intended
ry.

nother time when in the small-pox, and his case
ed dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in
, and a gentleman who watched him, desirous
ring him up close, received from the patient a
box on his ear. Some hours after, observing
nce more calm, he entreated to know how he
:urred his displeasure, or what he had done to
erited a blow. A blow, replied Charles, I don't
ber any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that
ght myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for
where I gave Alexander a blow, which brought
the ground.

.t great effects might not these two qualities of
: and constancy have produced, had they at first
l a just direction! Charles, with proper in-
ns, thus naturally disposed, would have been
ight and the glory of his age. Happy those
, who are educated by men who are at once
; and wise, and have been for some time in the
of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory,
.ch their royal pupils the real value of fame;
e ever showing the superior dignity of man
of royalty; that a peasant who does his
a nobler character than a king even of mid-
:putation. Happy, I say, were princes, could
en be found to instruct them; but those to whom
education is generally intrusted, are men who
.ves have acted in a sphere too high to know
d. Puffed up themselves with the ideas of false
ır, and measuring merit by adventitious circum-
of greatness, they generally communicate those
judices to their pupils, confirm their pride by

adulation, or encrease their ignorance by teaching the
to despise that wisdom which is found among th
poor.

But not to moralize when I only intend a story
what is related of the journies of this prince is no le
astonishing. He has sometimes been on horseback f
four and twenty hours successively, and thus travers
the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of h
officers were found capable of following him; he th
consequently rode the greatest part of his journie
quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, an
without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. I
one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventur
singular enough. Riding thus post one day, all alon
he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead und
him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary ma
but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure o
finding another horse, but not equally so of meetin
with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his hor
claps the whole equipage on his own back, and th
accoutred marches on to the next inn, which by go
fortune was not far off. Entering the stable, he he
found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without furth
ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housing wi
great composure, and was just going to mount, whe
the gentleman, who owned the horse, was apprized
a stranger's going to steal his property out of th
stable. Upon asking the king, whom he had new
seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with h
horse, Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lip
which was his usual custom, that he took the hor
because he wanted one; for you see, continued he, if
have none, I shall be obliged to carry the saddle mysel
This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to th
gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In th
the king was not much behind hand with him, and
it they were going, when the guards by this time ca

ınd testified that surprize which was natural to ırms in the hand of a subject against his king. ;ine whether the gentleman was less surprised they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His ishment, however, was soon dissipated by the who taking him by the hand, assured him he a brave fellow, and himself would take care he ld be provided for. This promise was afterwards ed; and I have been assured the king made him tain.

'INESS, IN A GREAT MEASURE, DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retire- t in which I passed the earlier part of my life in country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in king that those happy days are never to return. hat retreat all nature seemed capable of affording sure; I then made no refinements on happiness, could be pleased with the most aukward efforts of ic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest tch of human wit, and questions and commands most rational amusement for spending the even- Happy could so charming an illusion still con- ıe. I find age and knowledge only contribute to r our dispositions. My present enjoyments may more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. e pleasure Garrick gives can no way compare to t I have received from a country wag, who imi- d a quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dis- ance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung

me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed every thing becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be aukward, others ill-dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained; obliged to toil from the appearance of day till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! A happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They, who like him can place themselves on that side of the world, in which every thing appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good-humour. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little

anguish at their own distress, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous cardinal De Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being a universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress. He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniencies of life, teized every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his jailor.

All that philosophy can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none

but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his death-bed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. I leave my second son Andrew, said the expiring miser, my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal. Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, "prayed heaven to prolong his life and health "to enjoy it himself." I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds. Ah! father, cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure), "May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" At last, turning to poor Dick: as fo you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich, I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter. Ah! father, cries Dick, without any emotion, "May heaven "give you life and health to enjoy it yourself!" This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father; and Dick is not only excessively good humoured, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who

smiles at the reproach of the vulgar; or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour they can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious is by running away.

ON OUR THEATRES.

MADEMOISELLE CLAIRON, a celebrated actress at Paris, seems to me the most perfect female figure I have ever seen upon any stage. Not, perhaps, that nature has been more liberal of personal beauty to her, than some to be seen upon our theatres at home. There are actresses here who have as much of what connoisseurs call statuary grace, by which is meant elegance unconnected with motion, as she; but they all fall infinitely short of her, when the soul comes to give expression to the limbs, and animates every feature.

Her first appearance is excessively engaging; she never comes in staring round upon the company, as if she intended to count the benefits of the house, or at least to see, as well as be seen. Her eyes are always, at first, intently fixed upon the persons of the drama, and *she lifts them* by degrees, with enchanting diffi-

dence, upon the spectators. Her first speech least the first part of it, is delivered with scarc motion of the arm; her hands and her tongu set out together; but the one prepares us for the She sometimes begins with a mute, eloquent at but never goes forward all at once with hands head, and voice. This observation, though it n pear of no importance, should certainly be adver nor do I see any one performer, Garrick only e ed, among us, that is not in this particular ap fend. By this simple beginning she gives he power of rising in the passion of the scene. proceeds, every gesture, every look acquires n lence, till at last transported, she fills the whol mence of the part, and all the idea of the poet.

Her hands are not alternately stretched ou then drawn in again, as with the singing wo Sadler's Wells; they are employed with grace riety, and every moment please with new and pected eloquence. Add to this, that their mo generally from the shoulder; she never flourish hands while the upper part of her arm is moti nor has she the ridiculous appearance as if her were pinned to her hips.

But of all the cautions to be given to our risi tresses, I would particularly recommend it to never to take notice of the audience, upon any oc whatsoever; let the spectators applaud never so their praises should pass, except at the end of t logue, with seeming inattention. I can never a lady on the stage who, when she draws the a tion of the whole audience, turns about to mak a low courtsey for their applause. Such a fig longer continues Belvidera, but at once dro Mrs. Cibber. Suppose a sober tradesman, who year takes his shilling's worth at Drury-lane, in *to be delighted* with the figure of a queen, the

ıeba for instance, or any other queen: this honest
has no other idea of the great but from their su-
ır pride and impertinence: suppose such a man
d among the spectators, the first figure that ap-
ı on the stage is the queen herself, courtesying and
ing to all the company; how can he fancy her
ıaughty favourite of king Solomon the wise, who
ars actually more submissive than the wife of his
n? We are all tradesmen of a nicer relish in this
ect, and such conduct must disgust every specta-
who loves to have the allusion of nature strong upon

t, while I recommend to our actresses a skilful
tion to gesture, I would not have them study it in
ooking-glass. This, without some precaution, will
er their action formal; by too great an intimacy
this they become stiff and affected. People sel-
improve, when they have no other model but
ıselves to copy after. I remember to have known
able performer of the other sex, who made great
of this flattering monitor, and yet was one of the
st figures I ever saw. I am told his apartment
hung round with looking-glass, that he might see
erson twenty times reflected upon entering the
ı; and I will make bold to say, he saw twenty very
fellows whenever he did so.

THE BEE, NO. III.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1759.

ON THE USE OF LANGUAGE.

THE manner in which most writers begin thei treatises on the use of language is generally thus:.. "Language has been granted to man, in order to di "cover his wants and necessities, so as to have thei "relieved by society. Whatever we desire, whatev "we wish, it is but to clothe those desires or wish "in words, in order to fruition: the principal use "language, therefore," say they, "is to express ou "wants, so as to receive a speedy redress."

Such an account as this may serve to satisfy gran marians and rhetoricians well enough, but men wh know the world maintain very contrary maxims: the hold, and I think with some show of reason, that h who best knows how to conceal his necessity and d sires, is the most likely person to find redress, and th the true use of speech is not so much to express ou wants as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankir generally confer their favours, we shall find that the who seem to want them least, are the very perso who most liberally share them. There is somethir so attractive in riches, that the large heap general collects from the smaller; and the poor find as muc pleasure in increasing the enormous mass, as the mise *who owns it*, sees happiness in its increase. Nor

ere in this any thing repugnant to the laws of true orality. Seneca himself allows, that in conferring nefits, the present should always be suited to the dig- ity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large pre- nts, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of iddling stations are obliged to be content with pre- nts something less; while the beggar, who may be uly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing re- ards his warmest solicitations.

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his *s and downs in life*, as the expression is, must have equently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and ust know, that to have much, or to seem to have it, the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares man of broken fortune to a falling column; the wer it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sus- n. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask s friend to lend him a hundred pounds, it is possible, om the largeness of his demand, he may find credit twenty; but should he humbly only sue for a trifle, is two to one whether he might be trusted for two- nce. A certain young fellow at George's, whenever had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to elude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and ked so familiarly of large sums, that none could er think he wanted a small one. The same gentle- an, whenever he wanted credit for a new suit from s taylor, always made a proposal in laced clothes; he found by experience, that if he appeared shabby these occasions, Mr. Lynch had taken an oath ainst trusting; or what was every bit as bad, his eman was out of the way, and would not be at home ese two days.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, cept to find *pity*, and by this means relief; but be- e *a poor man* opens his mind in such circumstances,

he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship only to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other, and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it never can entertain both together.

Yet let it not be thought that I would exclude pity from the human mind. There is scarcely any who are not in some degree possessed of this pleasing softness; but it is at best but a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than transitory assistance: with some it scarcely lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space, and on some extraordinary sensibility I have seen it operate for half an hour. But, however, last as it will, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where from this motive we give a halfpenny, from others we give always pounds. In great distress we sometimes, it is true, feel the influence of tenderness strongly; when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility, but, like the repetition of an echo, every new impulse becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose every mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

Jack Spindle and I were old acquaintance: but he's gone. Jack was bred in a compting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him a handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with..... The restraint in which he had been brought up had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as a habitual prudence, and from such consideration *he had every day* repeated offers of friendship. Those

who had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. Jack, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought Jack to a different way of thinking; and he at last thought it his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was therefore to a scrivener, who had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused.

Jack, therefore, thought he might use his old friend without any ceremony, and as a man confident of not being refused, requested the use of a hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had an occasion for money. "And pray, Mr. Spindle," replied the scrivener, "do you want all this money?" "Want it, sir," says the other; "if I did not want it, I should not have "asked it." "I am sorry for that," says the friend, "for those who want money when they come to bor- "row, will want money when they should come to pay. "To say the truth, Mr. Spindle, money is money now- "a-days. I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the "sea, for my part; and he that has got a little, is a "fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another, whom he knew to be the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see; you want a hun- "dred guineas; and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty "answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, sir, I "*must be contented.*" "Fifty to spare! I do not say

" that, for I believe I have but twenty about me
" Then I must borrow the other thirty from some o
" friend." " And pray," replied the friend, " wou
" not be the best way to borrow the whole money f
" that other friend, and then one note will serve fo
" you know? Lord, Mr. Spindle, make no ceren
" with me at any time; you know I'm your fr
" when you chuse a bit of dinner or so.....You, T
" see the gentleman down. You won't forget to
" with us now and then. Your very humble serv

Distressed, but not discouraged at this treatmen was at last resolved to find that assistance from which he could not have from friendship. Miss J Dismal had a fortune in her own hands, and she already made all the advances that her sex's mo would permit. He made his proposal, therefore, confidence, but soon perceived, " No bankrupt " found the fair one kind." Miss Jenny and m Billy Galloon were lately fallen deeply in love with other, and the whole neighbourhood thought it v soon be a match.

Every day now began to strip Jack of his fo finery; his clothes flew piece by piece to the p broker's; and he seemed at length equipped in th nuine mourning of antiquity. But still he thought self secure from starving; the numberless invita he had received to dine, even after his losses, wer unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to a of a dinner, because he wanted one; and in this ner he actually lived among his friends a whole v wsthout being openly affronted. The last place poor Jack was at the Rev. Dr. Gosling's. He ha he fancied, just nicked the time, for he came in a cloth was laying. He took a chair without bein sired, and talked for some time without being att to. He assured the company, that nothing pro so good an appetite as a walk to White-conduit-h

e had been that morning. He looked at the
ıth, and praised the figure of the damask; talk-
feast where he had been the day before, but that
son was overdone. All this, however, procured
: creature no invitation, and he was not yet suf-
hardened to stay without being asked; where-
ıding the gentleman of the house insensible to
etches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and
is appetite by a walk in the park.
:hen, O ye beggars of my acquaintance! whe-
rags or lace; whether in Kent-street or the
whether at Smyrna or St. Giles's; might I ad-
ı as a friend, never seem in want of the favour
'ou solicit. Apply to every passion but pity for
. You may find relief from vanity, from self-
, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion.
ry eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and
ıuth which is open even for flattery, is seldom
d to close without a petition.
en you would ward off the gripe of Poverty,
to be a stranger to her, and she will at least
ı with ceremony. Hear not my advice, but that
ilus. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny
ger of pease soup and potatoes, praise the whole-
ss of your frugal repast. You may observe,
. Cheyne has prescribed pease broth for the gra-
nt that you are not one of those who are always
: a god of your belly. If you are obliged to
flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first
ırk that stuffs are very much worn at Paris. If
e found some irreparable defects in any part of
quipage, which cannot be concealed by all the
sitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say,
ither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever very
dress. Or if you be a philosopher, hint that
r Seneca are the taylors you chuse to employ;
he company that man ought to be content with

a bare covering, since what now is so much the pride of some was formerly our shame. Horace will give you a Latin sentence fit for the occasion.

Toga defendere frigus,
Quamvis crassa, queat.

In short, however caught, do not give up, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances, and appear rather to be a miser than a beggar. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wise it is ridiculous; *beggarly pride* is the only sort of vanity I can excuse.

THE HISTORY OF HYPASIA.

MAN, when secluded from society, is not a more solitary being, than the woman who leaves the duties of her own sex to invade the privileges of ours. She seems, in such circumstances, like one in banishment; she appears like a neutral being between the sexes; and though she may have the admiration of both, she finds true happiness from neither

Of all the ladies of antiquity, I have read of none who was ever more justly celebrated than the beautiful Hypasia, the daughter of Leon, the philosopher. This most accomplished of women was born at Alexandria, in the reign of Theodosius the younger. Nature was never more lavish of its gifts than it had been *to her, endued* as she was with the most exalted under-

, and the happiest turn to science. Education
:d what Nature had begun, and made her the
not only of her age, but the glory of her sex.
her father she learned geometry and astro-
he collected from the conversation and schools
her philosophers, for which Alexandria was at
e famous, the principles of the rest of the

cannot be conquered by natural penetration
ssion for study? The boundless knowledge,
that period of time was required to form the
r of a philosopher, no way discouraged her;
'ered herself up to the study of Aristotle and
ıd soon not one in all Alexandria understood
:tly as she all the difficulties of these two phi-
s.
ɔt their systems alone, but those of every other
e quite familiar to her; and to this knowledge
d that of polite learning, and the art of oratory.
learning which it was possible for the human
contain, being joined to a most enchanting
.e, rendered this lady the wonder not only of
ılace, who easily admire, but of philosophers
'es, who are seldom fond of admiration.
ity of Alexandria was every day crowded with
ɜ, who came from all parts of Greece and Asia
ıd hear her. As for the charms of her person,
;ht not probably have been mentioned, did she
to a beauty the most striking a virtue that
:press the most assuming; and though in the
ıpital, famed for charms, there was not one
ld equal her in beauty; though in a city, the re-
l the learning then existing in the world, there
one who could equal her in knowledge; yet,
:h accomplishments, Hypasia was the most
ɔf *her sex*. Her reputation for virtue was not
her virtues; and though in a city divided be-

tween two factions, though visited by the wits and the philosophers of the age, calumny never dared to suspect her morals, or attempt her character. Both the christians and the heathens who have transmitted her history and her misfortunes, have but one voice, when they speak of her beauty, her knowledge, and her virtue. Nay, so much harmony reigns in their accounts of this prodigy of perfection, that, in spite of the opposition of their faith, we should never have been able to judge of what religion was Hypasia, were we not informed, from other circumstances, that she was a heathen.

Providence had taken so much pains in forming her, that we are almost induced to complain of its not having endeavoured to make her a christian; but from this complaint we are deterred by a thousand contrary observations, which lead us to reverence its inscrutable mysteries.

This great reputation, of which she so justly was possessed, was at last, however, the occasion of her ruin.

The person, who then possessed the patriarchate of Alexandria, was equally remarkable for his violence, cruelty, and pride. Conducted by an ill-grounded zeal for the christian religion, or perhaps desirous of augmenting his authority in the city, he had long meditated the banishment of the Jews. A difference arising between them and the christians with respect to some public games, seemed to him a proper juncture for putting his ambitious designs into execution. He found no difficulty in exciting the people, naturally disposed to revolt. The prefect, who at that time commanded the city, interposed on this occasion, and thought it just to put one of the chief creatures of the patriarch to the torture, in order to discover the first promoter of the conspiracy. The patriarch enraged at the injustice he thought offered to his character and *dignity, and piqued at* the protection which was offered

the Jews, sent for the chiefs of the synagogue, and oined them to renounce their designs, upon pain of urring his highest displeasure.

The Jews, far from fearing his menaces, excited w tumults, in which several citizens had the misfor- ie to fall. The patriarch could no longer contain; he head of a numerous body of christians, he flew he synagogues, which he demolished, and drove the vs from a city, of which they had been possessed ce the times of Alexander the great. It may be ily imagined that the prefect could not behold, with- pain, his jurisdiction thus insulted, and the city de- ved of a number of its most industrious inhabitants. The affair was therefore brought before the empe- . The patriarch complained of the excesses of the s, and the prefect of the outrages of the patriarch. this very juncture, five hundred monks of mount ria, imagining the life of their chief to be in dan- , and that their religion was threatened in his fall, into the city with ungovernable rage, attacked the fect in the streets, and, not content with loading him h reproaches, wounded him in several places.

The citizens had by this time notice of the fury of monks; they therefore assembled in a body, put monks to flight, seized on him who had been found owing a stone, and delivered him to the prefect, who sed him to be put to death without farther delay.

The patriarch immediately ordered the dead body, ch had been exposed to view, to be taken down, cured for it all the pomp and rites of burial, and it even so far as himself to pronounce the funeral tion, in which he classed a seditious monk among martyrs. This conduct was by no means gene- y approved of; the most moderate even among the istians perceived and blamed his indiscretion; but was now too far advanced to retire. He had made *eral overtures towards a reconciliation with the pre-*

fect, which not succeeding, he bore all those placable hatred whom he imagined to have a in traversing his designs; but Hypasia was part destined to ruin. She could not find pardon, was known to have a most refined friendship prefect; wherefore the populace were incited her. Peter, a reader of the principal church, those vile slaves by which men in power are quently attended, wretches ever ready to com crime which they hope may render them agre their employer; this fellow, I say, attended by of villains, waited for Hypasia, as she was re from a visit, at her own door, seized her as s going in, and dragged her to one of the churche Cesarea, where, stripping her in a most inhum ner, they exercised the most inhuman cruelti her, cut her into pieces, and burnt her remains t Such was the end of Hypasia, the glory of her c and the astonishment of ours.

ON JUSTICE AND GENEROSITY.

LYSIPPUS is a man whose greatness the whole world admires. His generosity is su it prevents a demand, and saves the receiver th ble and the confusion of a request. His libera does not oblige more by its greatness, than by mitable grace in giving. Sometimes he ever butes his bounties to strangers, and has been k *do good* offices to those who professed themse

enemies. All the world are unanimous in the praise of his generosity; there is only one sort of people who complain of his conduct. Lysippus does not pay his debts.

It is no difficult matter to account for a conduct so seemingly incompatible with itself. There is greatness in being generous, and there is only simple justice in satisfying his creditors. Generosity is the part of a soul raised above the vulgar. There is in it something of what we admire in heroes, and praise with a degree of rapture. Justice, on the contrary, is a mere mechanic virtue, fit only for tradesmen, and what is practised by every broker in Change Alley.

In paying his debts a man barely does his duty, and it is an action attended with no sort of glory. Should Lysippus satisfy his creditors, who would be at the pains of telling it to the world? Generosity is a virtue of a very different complexion. It is raised above duty, and, from its elevation, attracts the attention and the praises of us little mortals below.

In this manner do men generally reason upon justice and generosity. The first is despised, though a virtue essential to the good of society; and the other attracts our esteem, which too frequently proceeds from an impetuosity of temper, rather directed by vanity than reason. Lysippus is told that his banker asks a debt of forty pounds, and that a distressed acquaintance petitions for the same sum. His gives it without hesitating to the latter: for he demands as a favour what the former requires as a debt.

Mankind in general are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice; it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this *sense justice* is distinguished from equity; but

there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined to be that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not, in their own nature, virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is at best indifferent in its nature, and not unfrequently even turns to vice. The expences of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities, but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed upon us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

Misers are generally characterized as men without *honour*, or without humanity, who live only to acc

nulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happi-
ıess. They have been described as madmen, who,
n the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and
nake, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But
ew, very few correspond to this exaggerated picture;
nd, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these cir-
umstances are found united. Instead of this, we find
he sober and the industrious branded by the vain and
he idle, with this odious appellation: men who, by
rugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals,
nd contribute their share of industry to the common
tock.

Whatever the vain or the ignorant may say, well
were it for society had we more of this character
mongst us. In general, these close men are found at
ast the true benefactors of society. With an avari-
ious man we seldom lose in our dealings, but too fre-
quently in our commerce with prodigality.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for
a long time by the name of the griper. He refused
o relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by a
skilful management of his vineyard, had the good for-
une to acquire immense sums of money. The inha-
bitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detest-
ed him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser,
wherever he went, received him with contempt. He
still, however, continued his former simplicity of life,
ıis amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man
ıad long perceived the wants of the poor in the city,
particularly, in having no water but what they were
obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that
whole fortune, which he had been amassing, he laid
out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more
ıseful and lasting service, than if he had distributed
ıis whole income in charity every day at his door.

Among men long conversant with books, we too frequently find those misplaced virtues, of which I have

been now complaining. We find the studious animated with a strong passion for the great virtues, as they are mistakenly called, and utterly forgetful of the ordinary ones. The declamations of philosophy are generally rather exhausted on these supererogatory duties, than on such as are indispensably necessary. A man, therefore, who has taken his ideas of mankind from study alone, generally comes into the world with a heart melting at every fictitious distress. Thus he is induced by misplaced liberality, to put himself into the indigent circumstances of the person he relieves.

I shall conclude this paper with the advice of one of the ancients, to a young man whom he saw giving away all his substance to pretended distress. "It is "possible, that the person you relieve may be an honest "man; and I know that you who relieve him are such. "You see, then, by your generosity, you only rob a man, "who is certainly deserving, to bestow it on one who "may possibly be a rogue. And while you are unjust "in rewarding uncertain merit, you are doubly guilty "by stripping yourself."

SOME PARTICULARS

RELATING TO

FATHER FREIJO.

Primus mortales tollere contra
Est oculos ausus, primusque assurgere contra.
LUCR.

THE Spanish nation has, for many centuries past, been remarkable for the grossest ignorance in polite literature, especially in point of natural philosophy; a science so useful to mankind, that her neighbours have ever esteemed it a matter of the greatest importance, to endeavour, by repeated experiments, to strike a light out of the chaos, in which truth seemed to be confounded. Their curiosity in this respect was so indifferent, that, though they had discovered new worlds, they were at a loss to explain the phænomena of their own, and their pride so unaccountable, that they disdained to borrow from others that instruction, which their natural indolence permitted them not to acquire.

It gives me, however, a secret satisfaction, to behold an extraordinary genius now existing in that nation, whose studious endeavours seem calculated to undeceive the superstitious, and instruct the ignorant: I mean the celebrated padre Freijo. In unravelling the mysteries of nature, and explaining physical experiments, he takes an opportunity of displaying the concurrence of second causes in those very wonders, which the vulgar ascribe to supernatural influence.

An example of this kind happened a few years ago in a *small town of* the kingdom of Valencia. Passing

through at the hour of mass, he alighted from his mule, and proceeded to the parish-church, which he found extremely crouded, and there appeared on the faces of the faithful a more than usual alacrity. The sun, it seems, which had been for some minutes under a cloud, had begun to shine on a large crucifix, that stood on the middle of the altar, studded with several precious stones. The reflexion from these, and from the diamond eyes of some silver saints, so dazzled the multitude, that they unanimously cried out, A miracle! a miracle! whilst the priest at the altar, with seeming consternation, continued his heavenly conversation. Padre Freijo soon dissipated the charm, by tying his handkerchief roun[illegible] the head of one of the statues, for which he was arraigned by the inquisition; whose flames, however, he has had the good fortune hitherto to escape.

THE BEE, NO IV.

ATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1759.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ERE I to measure the merit of my present
ıg by its success, or the rapidity of its sale, I
ed to form conclusions by no means favour-
pride of an author. Should I estimate my
ts extent, every newspaper and magazine
e me far behind. Their fame is diffused in
e circle, that of some as far as Islington, and
arther still: while mine, I sincerely believe,
travelled beyond the sound of Bow bell;
he works of others fly like unpinioned swans,
own move as heavily as a new-plucked

wever, I have as much pride as they who
imes as many readers. It is impossible to
he agreable delusions, in which a disapoint-
s apt to find comfort. I conclude, that what
tion wants in extent, is made up by its soli-
ius juvat gloria lata quam magna. I have
faction in considering the delicacy and dis-
of those readers I have, and in ascribing my
pularity to the ignorance or inattention of
e not. All the world may forsake an author,
will never forsake him.
withstanding so sincere a confession, I was
ed to show my indignation against the

public, by discontinuing my endeavours to please; was bravely resolved, like Raleigh, to vex them burning my manuscript in a passion. Upon recol tion, however, I considered what set or body of pe would be displeased at my rashness. The sun, a so sad an accident, might shine next morning as br as usual; men might laugh and sing the next day, transact business as before, and not a single crea feel any regret but myself.

I reflected upon the story of a minister, who, in reign of Charles II, upon a certain occasion, resig all his posts, and retired into the country in a fi resentment. But as he had not given the world en ly up with his ambition, he sent a messenger to t to see how the courtiers would bear his resigna Upon the messenger's return he was asked whe there appeared any commotion at court? To wh he replied, There were very great ones. "Ay," the minister, "I knew my friends would make a bus "all petitioning the king for my restoration, I "sume." "No, sir," replied the messenger, "t "are only petitioning his majesty to be put in y "place." In the same manner, should I retire in dignation, instead of having Apollo in mourning the Muses in a fit of the spleen; instead of having learned world apostrophising at my untimely dece perhaps all Grub-street might laugh at my fall, self-approving dignity might never be able to sh me from ridicule. In short, I am resolved to write if it were only to spite them. If the present gen tion will not hear my voice, hearken, O posterity you I call, and from you I expect redress! W rapture will it not give to have the Scaligers, Daci and Warburtons of future times commenting with miration upon every line I now write, working a *those ignorant* creatures, who offer to arraign my m *with all the* virulence of learned reproach. Ay,

friends, let them feel it; call names, never spare them; they deserve it all, and ten times more. I have been told of a critic, who was crucified at the command of another to the reputation of Homer. That, no doubt, was more than poetical justice, and I shall be perfectly content if those, who criticise me, are only clapped in the pillory, kept fifteen days upon bread and water, and obliged to run the gantelope through Paternoster-row. The truth is, I can expect happiness from posterity either way. If I write ill, happy in being forgotten; if well, happy in being remembered with respect.

Yet, considering things in a prudential light, perhaps I was mistaken in designing my paper as an agreeable relaxation to the studious, or an help to conversation among the gay; instead of addressing it to such, I should have written down to the taste and apprehension of the many, and sought for reputation on the broad road. Literary fame I now find like religious, generally begins among the vulgar. As for the polite, they are so very polite, as never to applaud upon any account. One of these, with a face screwed up into affectation, tells you, that fools may *admire*, but men of sense only *approve*. Thus, lest he should rise in rapture at any thing new, he keeps down every passion but pride and self-importance; approves with phlegm, and the poor author is damned in the taking a pinch of snuff. Another has written a book himself, and being condemned for a dunce, he turns a sort of king's evidence, in criticism, and now becomes the terror of every offender. A third, possessed of full-grown reputation, shades off every beam of favour from those who endeavour to grow beneath him, and keeps down that merit, which, but for his influence, might rise into equal eminence. While others, still worse, peruse old books for their amusement, and new books only to condemn; so that the public seem heartily sick of all *but the business of* the day, and read every thing no

with as little attention as they examine the faces of the passing crowd.

From these considerations I was once determined to throw off all connexions with taste, and fairly address my countrymen in the same engaging style and manner with other periodical pamphlets, much more in vogue than probably mine shall ever be. To effect this, I had thoughts of changing the title into that of the Royal Bee, the Antigallican Bee, or the Bee's Magazine. I had laid in a proper stock of popular topics, such as encomiums on the king of Prussia, invectives against the queen of Hungary and the French, the necessity of a militia, our undoubted sovereignty of the seas, reflections upon the present state of affairs, a dissertation upon liberty, some seasonable thoughts upon the intended bridge of Black-friars, and an address to Britons. The history of an old woman, whose teeth grew three inches long, an ode upon our victories, a rebus, an acrostic upon Miss Peggy P. and a journal of the weather. All this, together with four extraordinary pages of *letter press*, a beautiful map of England, and two prints curiously coloured from nature, I fancied might touch their very souls. I was actually beginning an address to the people, when my pride at last overcame my prudence, and determined me to endeavour to please by the goodness of my entertainment, rather than by the magnificence of my sign.

The Spectator, and many succeeding essayists, frequently inform us of the numerous compliments paid them in the course of their lucubrations; of the frequent encouragements they met to inspire them with ardour, and encrease their eagerness to please. I have received *my letters* as well as they; but alas! not congratulatory ones; not assuring me of success and favour; but pregnant with bodings that might shake even fortitude itself.

One gentleman assures me, he intends to throw away no more three-pences in purchasing the Bee, and what is still more dismal, he will not recommend me as a poor author wanting encouragement to his neighbourhood, which it seems, is very numerous. Were my soul set upon three-pences, what anxiety might not such a denunciation produce! But such does not happen to be the present motive of publication; I write partly to show my good-nature, and partly to show my vanity; nor will I lay down the pen till I am satisfied one way or another.

Others have disliked the title and the motto of my paper, point out a mistake in the one, and assure me the other has been consigned to dulness by anticipation. All this may be true; *but what is that to me?* Titles and mottos to books are like escutcheons and dignities in the hands of a king. The wise sometimes condescend to *accept* of them, but none but a fool will imagine them of any real importance. We ought to depend upon intrinsic merit, and not the slender helps of title. *Nam quæ non fecimus ipsi, vix ea nostra voco.*

For my part, I am ever ready to mistrust a promising title, and have, at some expence, been instructed not to hearken to the voice of an advertisement, let it plead never so loudly, or never so long. A countryman coming one day to Smithfield, in order to take a slice of Bartholomew fair, found a perfect show before every booth. The drummer, the fire-eater, the wire-walker, and the salt-box were all employed to invite him in. "Just a going; the court of the king of "Prussia in all his glory; pray, gentlemen, walk in "and see." From people who generously gave so much away, the clown expected a monstrous bargain for his money when he got in. He steps up, pays his sixpence, the curtain is drawn, when too late he finds, that he had the best part of the show for nothing at *the door.*

A FLEMISH TRADITION.

EVERY country has its traditions, which, eithe too minute, or not sufficiently authentic to receive hi torical sanction, are handed down among the vulga and serve at once to instruct and amuse them. (this number the adventures of Robin Hood, the hun ing of Chevy-chace, and the bravery of Johnny Arn strong, among the English; of Kaul Dereg among th Irish; and Creigton among the Scots, are instance Of all the traditions, however, I remember to hav heard, I do not recollect any more remarkable than on still current in Flanders; a story generally the fir the peasants tell their children, when they bid the behave like Bidderman the wise. It is by no mean however, a model to be set before a polite people f imitation; since if, on the one hand, we perceive in the steady influence of patriotism, we, on the other, fin as strong a desire of revenge. But, to wave introdu tion, let us to the story.

When the Saracens over-ran Europe with their a mies, and penetrated as far even as Antwerp, Bidde man was lord of a city, which time has since swe into destruction. As the inhabitants of this count were divided under separate leaders, the Saracens foun an easy conquest, and the city of Bidderman, amon the rest, became a prey to the victors.

Thus dispossessed of his paternal city, our unfort nate governor was obliged to seek refuge from th neighbouring princes, who were as yet unsubdue and he for some time lived in a state of wretched d pendence among them.

Soon, however, his love to his native country broug *him back* to his own city, resolved to rescue it fro

the enemy, or fall in the attempt: thus, in disguise, he went among the inhabitants, and endeavoured, but in vain, to excite them to a revolt. Former misfortunes lay so heavily on their minds, that they rather chose to suffer the most cruel bondage, than attempt to vindicate their former freedom.

As he was thus one day employed, whether by information or from suspicion is not known, he was apprehended by a Saracen soldier as a spy, and brought before the very tribunal at which he once presided..... The account he gave of himself was by no means satisfactory. He could produce no friends to vindicate his character; wherefore, as the Saracens knew not their prisoner, and as they had no direct proofs against him, they were content with condemning him to be publicly whipt as a vagabond.

The execution of this sentence was accordingly performed with the utmost rigour. Bidderman was bound to the post, the executioner seeming disposed to add to the cruelty of the sentence, as he received no bribe for lenity. Whenever Bidderman groaned under the scourge, the other, redoubling his blows, cried out, "Does the villain murmur?" If Bidderman entreated but a moment's respite from torture, the other only repeated his former exclamation, "Does the villain murmur?"

From this period, revenge as well as patriotism took entire possession of his soul. His fury stooped so low as to follow the executioner with unremitting resentment. But conceiving that the best method to attain these ends was to acquire some eminence in the city, he laid himself out to oblige its new masters, studied every art, and practised every meanness that serve to promote the needy, or render the poor pleasing, and, by these means, in a few years he came to be of some note in the city, which justly belonged entirely to him.

The executioner was therefore the first object of h resentment, and he even practised the lowest fraud gratify the revenge he owed him. A piece of plat which Bidderman had previously stolen from the S racen governor, he privately conveyed into the exec tioner's house, and then gave information of the the They, who are any way acquainted with the rigour the Arabian laws, know that theft is punished with ir mediate death. The proof was direct in this cas the executioner had nothing to offer in his own d fence, and he was therefore condemned to be behea ed upon a scaffold in the public market-place. there was no executioner in the city but the very m who was now to suffer, Bidderman himself underto this, to him most agreeable office. The crimin was conducted from the judgment-seat bound wi cords. The scaffold was erected, and he placed such a manner, as he might lie most convenient f the blow.

But his death alone was not sufficient to satisfy t resentment of this extraordinary man, unless it w aggravated with every circumstance of cruelty.. Wherefore, coming up the scaffold, and disposi every thing in readiness for the intended blow, wi the sword in his hand he approached the criminal, a whispering in a low voice, assured him that he hir self was the person that had once been used with much cruelty; that to his knowledge he died very i nocently, for the plate had been stolen by himself, a privately conveyed into the house of the other.

"Oh, my countrymen," cried the criminal, " " you hear what this man says?" *Does the villa murmur?* replied Bidderman, and immediately at o blow severed his head from his body.

Still, however, he was not content till he had amp *vengeance* of the governors of the city, who condem *ed him.* To effect this, he hired a small house a

ıing to the town wall, under which he every day
ʒ, and carried out the earth in a basket. In this un-
nitting labour he continued several years, every day
ging a little, and carrying the earth unsuspected
ay. By this means he at last made a secret com-
nication from the country into the city, and only
ıted the appearance of an enemy, in order to betray
This opportunity at length offered; the French
ıy came into the neighbourhood, but had no
ughts of sitting down before a town which they
sidered as impregnable. Bidderman, however,
ı altered their resolutions, and, upon communicat-
his plan to the general, he embraced it with ar-
r. Through the private passage above-mentioned,
ntroduced a large body of the most resolute sol-
s, who soon opened the gates for the rest, and the
ıle army rushing in, put every Saracen that was
ıd to the sword.

THE SAGACITY OF SOME INSECTS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

SIR,

ANIMALS in general are sagacious in propo
tion as they cultivate society. The elephant and th
beaver show the greatest signs of this, when united
but when man intrudes into their communities, the
lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a ve
small share of that sagacity, for which, when in a soci
state they are so remarkable.

Among insects, the labours of the bee and the a
have employed the attention and admiration of the n
turalist; but their whole sagacity is lost upon sepa
tion, and a single bee or ant seems destitute of eve
degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginab
languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the
spider is the most sagacious, and its actions, to nic
who have attentively considered them, seem almost to
exceed belief. This insect is formed by nature for
state of war, not only upon other insects, but upo
each other. For this state nature seems perfectly
well to have formed it. Its head and breast are cover
ed with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impe
netrable to the attempts of every other insect, and it
belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which elude
the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated b
strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and thei
vast length, like spears, serves to keep every assailan
at a distance.

Not worse furnished for observation than for an a
tack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparen

and covered with a horny substance, which, however, does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

Such are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which, proceeding from the anus, it spins into thread coarser or finer, as it chuses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly. Then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with his claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

In this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversly fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch, and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes six fold.

Thus far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called a house-*spider*. I perceived, about four years ago, a large

spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say, it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was, with incredible diligence, completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprized when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped, and when it was *fairly* hampered in this manner, it was seized, and *dragged into* the hole.

ıanner it lived, in a precarious state, and
ıed to have fitted it for such a life, for
e fly it subsisted for more than a week. I
wasp into the nest, but when the spider
ı order to seize it as usual, upon perceiv-
nd of an enemy it had to deal with, it in-
e all the bands that held it fast, and con-
that lay in its power to disengage so for-
antagonist. When the wasp was at liber-
ed the spider would have set about repair-
ıches that were made in its net, but those
:re irreparable, wherefore the cobweb was
r forsaken, and a new one begun, which
ed in the usual time.

a mind to try how many cobwebs a single
furnish, wherefore I destroyed this, and
ɔt about another. When I destroyed the
ts whole stock seemed entirely exhausted,
spin no more. The arts it made use of
tself, now deprived of its great means of
were indeed surprising. I have seen it
gs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours
ıt cautiously watching all the time; when
ıed to approach sufficiently near, it would
ıt once, and often seize its prey.

fe, however, it soon began to grow weary,
l to invade the possession of some other
ɔ it could not make a web of its own. It
ttack upon a neighbouring fortification with
ɔ, and at first was as vigorously repulsed.
l, however, with one defeat, in this manner
to lay siege to another's web for three days,
th, having killed the defendant, actually
ion. When smaller flies happen to fall into
ıe spider does not sally out at once, but very
ıits till it is sure of them; for, upon his
approaching, the terror of his appearance

might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all its strength, and then he becomes a certain and easy conquest.

The insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed that the male spiders are much less than the female and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their paternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly, they fall too with good appetites; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to increase, but their legs only continue to grow longer; and when a spider becomes entirely stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, its dies at length of hunger.

THE CHARACTERISTICS OF GREATNESS.

IN every duty, in every science in which we would wish to arrive at perfection, we should propose for the object of our pursuit some certain station even beyond our abilities; some imaginary excellence, which may amuse and serve to animate our enquiry. In deviating from others, in following an unbeaten road, though we perhaps may never arrive at the wished-for object, yet it is possible we may meet several discoveries by the way; and the certainty of small advantages, even while we travel with security, is not so amusing as the hopes of great rewards, which inspire the adventurer. *Evenit nonnunquam*, says Quintilian, *ut aliquid grande inveniat qui semper quærit quod nimium est.*

This enterprising spirit is, however, by no means the character of the present age; every person who should now leave received opinions, who should attempt to be more than a commentator upon philosophy, or an imitator in polite learning, might be regarded as a chimerical projector. Hundreds would be ready not only to point out his errors, but to load him with reproach. Our probable opinions are now regarded as certainties; the difficulties hitherto undiscovered as utterly inscrutable; and the writers of the last age inimitable, and therefore the properest models of imitation.

One might be almost induced to deplore the philosophic spirit of the age, which in proportion as it enlightens the mind, increases its timidity, and represses the vigour of every undertaking. Men are now content with being prudently in the right; which, though not the way to make new acquisitions, it must be owned,

is the best method of securing what we have. Y this is certain, that the writer who never deviates, wl never hazards a new thought, or a new expressic though his friends may compliment him upon his s gacity, though criticism lifts her feeble voice in l praise, will seldom arrive at any degree of perfectic The way to acquire lasting esteem, is not by the fe ness of a writer's faults, but the greatness of l beauties, and our noblest works are generally most i plete with both.

An author, who would be sublime, often runs l thought into burlesque; yet I can readily pardon l mistaking ten times for once succeeding. True geni walks along a line, and perhaps our greatest pleasu is in seeing it so often near falling, without being e actually down.

Every science has its hitherto undiscovered m teries, after which men should travel undiscouraged the failure of former adventurers. Every new atten serves perhaps to facilitate its future invention. V may not find the philosopher's stone, but we shall p bably hit upon new inventions in pursuing it. V shall perhaps never be able to discover the longitu yet perhaps we may arrive at new truths in the inv tigation.

Were any of those sagacious minds among us, (a surely no nation, or no period could ever compare w us in this particular); were any of those minds, I s who now sit down contented with exploring the int cacies of another's system, bravely to shake off adr ration, and undazzled with the splendour of anothe reputation, to chalk out a path to fame for themselv and boldly cultivate untried experiment, what mig not be the result of their enquiries, should the sa study that has made them wise, make them enterp *ing also?* What could not such qualities united p *duce? But* such is not the character of the Engl

while our neighbours of the continent launch out into the ocean of science, without proper store for the voyage, we fear shipwreck in every breeze, and consume in port those powers, which might probably have weathered every storm.

Projectors in a state are generally rewarded above their deserts; projectors in the republic of letters, never. If wrong, every inferior dunce thinks himself entitled to laugh at their disappointment; if right, men of superior talents think their honour engaged to oppose, since every new discovery is a tacit diminution of their own pre-eminence.

To aim at excellence, our reputation, our friends, and our all must be ventured; by aiming only at mediocrity, we run no risque, and we do little service. Prudence and greatness are ever persuading us to contrary pursuits. The one instructs us to be content with our station, and to find happiness in bounding every wish. The other impels us to superiority, and calls nothing happiness but rapture. The one directs to follow mankind, and to act and think with the rest of the world. The other drives us from the crowd, and exposes us as a mark to all the shafts of envy, or ignorance.

Nec minus periculum ex magna fama quam ex mala.
TACIT.

The rewards of mediocrity are immediately paid, those attending excellence generally paid in reversion.

In a word, the little mind who loves itself, will write and think with the vulgar, but the great mind will be rarely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road from universal benevolence.

A CITY NIGHT-PIECE.

Ille dolet vere, qui sine teste dolet.
MARTIAL.

THE clock just struck two, the expiring ta
rises and sinks in the socket, the watchman forgets
hour in slumber, the laborious and the happy are
rest, and nothing walks but meditation, guilt, revel
and despair. The drunkard once more fills the d
troying bowl, the robber walks his midnight round, a
the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sac
person.

Let me no longer waste the night over the page
antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius,
pursue the solitary walk, where vanity, ever changi
but a few hours past, walked before me, where
kept up the pageant, and now, like a froward ch
seems hushed with her own importunities.

What a gloom hangs all around! The dying la
feebly emits a yellow gleam, no sound is heard bu
the chiming clock, or the distant watch-dog. All
bustle of human pride is forgotten; an hour like t
may well display the emptiness of human vanity.

There will come a time when this temporary s
tude may be made continual, and the city itself, like
inhabitants, fade away, and leave a desert in its roo

What cities, as great as this, have once triumph
in existence, had their victories as great, joy as ju
and as unbounded, and with short-sighted presumpti
promised themselves immortality! Posterity c
hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful t
veller wanders over the awful ruins of others; and,

he beholds, he learns wisdom, and feels the transience of every sublunary possession.

Here, he cries, stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile; temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguished heap of ruin. They are fallen, for luxury and avarice first made them feeble. The rewards of state were conferred on amusing, and not on useful, members of society. Their riches and opulence invited the invaders, who, though at first repulsed, returned again, conquered by perseverance, and at last swept the defendants into undistinguished destruction.

How few appear in those streets, which, but some few hours ago, were crowded! and those who appear, now no longer wear their daily mask, nor attempt to hide their lewdness or their misery.

But who are those who make the streets their couch, and find a short repose from wretchedness at the doors of the opulent? These are strangers, wanderers, and orphans, whose circumstances are too humble to expect redress, and whose distresses are too great even for pity. Their wretchedness excites rather horror than pity. Some are without the covering even of rags, and others emaciated with disease; the world has disclaimed them; society turns its back upon their distress, and has given them up to nakedness and hunger. These poor shivering females have once seen happier days, and been flattered into beauty. They have been prostituted to the gay luxurious villain, and are now turned out to meet the severity of winter. Perhaps, now lying at the doors of their betrayers, they sue to wretches whose hearts are insensible, or debauchees who may curse, but will not relieve them.

Why, why was I born a man, and yet see the suffering of wretches I cannot relieve! Poor houseless creatures! *the world* will give you reproaches, but will not

give you relief. The slightest misfortunes of the grea
the most imaginary uneasiness of the rich, are aggr
vated with all the power of eloquence, and held up t
engage our attention and sympathetic sorrow. Th
poor weep unheeded, persecuted by every subordina
species of tyranny; and every law, which gives othe
security, becomes an enemy to them.

Why was this heart of mine formed with so muc
sensibility! or why was not my fortune adapted to i
impulse! Tenderness, without a capacity of relievin
only makes the man who feels it more wretched tha
the object which sues for assistance.

But let me turn from a scene of such distress to th
sanctified hypocrite, *who has been talking of virtue ti
the time of bed*, and now steals out to give a loose t
his vices under the protection of midnight; vices mo
atrocious, because he attempts to conceal them. Se
how he pants down the dark alley, and, with hastenin
steps, fears an acquaintance in every face. He ha
passed the whole day in company he hates, and no
goes to prolong the night among company that as hea
tily hate him. May his vices be detected! may th
morning rise upon his shame! Yet I wish to no pu
pose; villany, when detected, never gives up, bu
boldly adds impudence to imposture!

THE BEE, NO. V.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1759.

UPON POLITICAL FRUGALITY.

FRUGALITY has ever been esteemed a virtue as well among pagans as christians: there have been even heroes who have practised it. However, we must acknowledge, that it is too modest a virtue, or, if you will, too obscure a one to be essential to heroism; few heroes have been able to attain to such a height. Frugality agrees much better with politics: it seems to be the base, the support, and in a word, seems to be the inseparable companion of a just administration.

However this be, there is not perhaps in the world a people less fond of this virtue than the English, and of consequence there is not a nation more restless, more exposed to the uneasiness of life, or less capable of providing for particular happiness. We are taught to despise this virtue from our childhood, our education is improperly directed, and a man who has gone through the politest institutions, is generally the person who is least acquainted with the wholesome precepts of frugality. We every day hear the elegance of taste, the magnificence of some, and the generosity of others, made the subject of our admiration and applause. All this we see represented not as the end and recompense of labour and desert, but as the actual result of genius, *as the mark of* a noble and exalted mind.

In the midst of these praises bestowed on luxu for which elegance and taste are but another nam perhaps it may be thought improper to plead the cau of frugality. It may be thought low, or vainly declam tory, to exhort our youth from the follies of dress, a of every other superfluity; to accustom themselv even with mechanic meanness, to the simple necessari of life. Such sort of instructions may appear an quated; yet, however, they seem the foundations of our virtues, and the most efficacious method of maki mankind useful members of society. Unhappi however, such discourses are not fashionable amo us, and the fashion seems every day growing still mo obsolete, since the press, and every other method exhortation, seems disposed to talk of the luxuries life as harmless enjoyments. I remember, when a bo to have remarked, that those who in school wore t finest clothes were pointed at as being conceited a proud. At present, our little masters are taught consider dress betimes, and they are regarded, even school, with contempt, who do not appear as gente as the rest. Education should teach us to becor useful, sober, disinterested, and laborious members society; but does it not at present point out a differe path? It teaches us to multiply our wants, by whi means we become more eager to possess, in order dissipate, a greater charge to ourselves, and mo useless or obnoxious to society.

If a youth happens to be possessed of more geni than fortune, he is early informed that he ought think of his advancement in the world; that he shou labour to make himself pleasing to his superiors; th he should shun low company (by which is meant t company of his equals); that he should rather live little above than below his fortune; that he shou think of becoming great; but he finds none to adm *nish him* to become frugal, to persevere in one sing

design, to avoid every pleasure and all flattery, which, however seeming to conciliate the favour of his superiors, never conciliates their esteem. There are none to teach him that the best way of becoming happy in himself, and useful to others, is to continue in the state in which fortune at first placed him, without making too hasty strides to advancement; that greatness may be attained, but should not be expected; and that they who most impatiently expect advancement are seldom possessed of their wishes. He has few, I say, to teach him this lesson, or to moderate his youthful passions, yet, this experience may say, that a young man, who but for six years of the early part of his life could seem divested of all his passions, would certainly make, or considerably increase his fortune, and might indulge several of his favourite inclinations in manhood with the utmost security.

The efficaciousness of these means is sufficiently known and acknowledged; but as we are apt to connect a low idea with all our notions of frugality, the person who would persuade us to it, might be accused of preaching up avarice.

Of all vices, however, against which morality dissuades, there is not one more undetermined than this of avarice. Misers are described by some, as men divested of honour, sentiment, or humanity: but this is only an ideal picture, or the resemblance at least is found but in a few. In truth, they who are generally called misers, are some of the very best members of society. The sober, the laborious, the attentive, the frugal, are thus stiled by the gay, giddy, thoughtless, and extravagant. The first set of men do society all the good, and the latter all the evil that is felt. Even the excesses of the first no way injure the commonwealth; those of the latter are the most injurious that can be conceived.

The ancient Romans, more rational than we in this particular, were very far from thus misplacing their admiration or praise; instead of regarding the practice of parsimony as low or vicious, they made it synonimous even with probity. They esteemed those virtues so inseparable, that the known expression of *vir frugi* signified, at one and the same time, a sober and managing man, an honest man, and a man of substance. The scriptures, in a thousand places, praise economy; and it is every where distinguished from avarice. But, in spite of all its sacred dictates, a taste for vain pleasures and foolish expence is the ruling passion of the present times. Passion, did I call it, rather the madness which at once possesses the great and the little, the rich and the poor; even some are so intent upon acquiring the superfluities of life, that they sacrifice its necessaries in this foolish pursuit.

To attempt the entire abolition of luxury, as it would be impossible, so it is not my intent. The generality of mankind are too weak, too much slaves to custom and opinion, to resist the torrent of bad example. But if it be impossible to convert the multitude those who have received a more extended education who are enlightened and judicious, may find some hints on this subject useful. They may see some abuses, the suppression of which would by no means endanger public liberty; they may be directed to the abolition of some necessary expences, which have no tendency to promote happiness or virtue, and which might be directed to better purposes. Our fire-works our public feasts and entertainments, our entries of ambassadors, &c. what mummery all this! what childish pageants! what millions are sacrificed in paying tribute to custom! what an unnecessary charge, at time when we are pressed with real want, which cannot be satisfied without burdening the poor!

Were such suppressed entirely, not a single crea-
e in the state would have the least cause to mourn
ir suppression, and many might be eased of a load
y now feel lying heavily upon them. If this were
in practice it would agree with the advice of a sen-
le writer of Sweden, who, in the Gazette de France,
33, thus expressed himself on that subject. "It
ere sincerely to be wished," says he, "that the cus-
om were established amongst us, that in all events
hich cause a public joy, we made our exultations
onspicuous only by acts useful to society. We
hould then quickly see many useful monuments of
ur reason, which would much better perpetuate the
emory of things worthy of being transmitted to
osterity, and would be much more glorious to hu-
nanity, than all these tumultuous preparations of
easts, entertainments, and other rejoicings used up-
n such occasions."

The same proposal was long before confirmed by a
inese emperor, who lived in the last century, who,
on an occasion of extraordinary joy, forbade his sub-
:ts to make the usual illuminations, either with a de-
gn of sparing their substance, or of turning them to
me more durable indication of joy, more glorious for
m, and more advantageous to his people.

After such instances of political frugality, can we
ien continue to blame the Dutch ambassador at a cer-
in court, who receiving at his departure the portrait
f the king enriched with diamonds, asked what this
ne thing might be worth? Being told that it might
mount to about two thousand pounds. "And why,"
ries he, "cannot his majesty keep the picture, and
give the money?" The simplicity may be ridiculed
t first; but, when we come to examine it more close-
, men of sense will at once confess that he had reason
what *he said,* and that a purse of two thousand gui-
as is much more serviceable than a picture.

Should we follow the same method of state frugality in other respects, what numberless savings might not be the result! How many possibilities of saving in the administration of justice, which now burdens the subject, and enriches some members of society, who are useful only from its corruption!

It were to be wished, that they who govern kingdoms would imitate artizans. When at London a new stuff has been invented, it is immediately counterfeited in France. How happy were it for society, if a first minister would be equally solicitous to transplant the useful laws of other countries into his own! We are arrived at a perfect imitation of porcelain; let us endeavour to imitate the good to society that our neighbours are found to practise, and let our neighbours also imitate those parts of duty in which we excel.

There are some men, who in their garden attempt to raise those fruits which nature has adapted only to the sultry climates beneath the line. We have at our very doors a thousand laws and customs infinitely useful; these are the fruits we should endeavour to transplant; these the exotics that would speedily become naturalized to the soil. They might grow in every climate, and benefit every possessor.

The best and the most useful laws I have ever seen are generally practised in Holland. When two men are determined to go to law with each other, they are first obliged to go before the reconciling judges, called the *peace makers*. If the parties come attended with an advocate or a solicitor, they are obliged to retire, as we take fuel from the fire we are desirous of extinguishing.

The peace makers then begin advising the parties, by assuring them, that is the height of folly to waste their substance, and make themselves mutually miserable, by having recourse to the tribunals of justice: follow but our direction, and we will accommodate

matters without any expence to either. If the rage of debate is too strong upon either party, they are remitted back for another day, in order that time may soften their tempers, and produce a reconciliation. They are thus sent for twice or thrice; if their folly happens to be incurable, they are permitted to go to law, and, as we give up to amputation such members as cannot be cured by art, justice is permitted to take its course.

It is unnecessary to make here long declamations, or calculate what society would save, were this law adopted. I am sensible, that the man who advises any reformation, only serves to make himself ridiculous. What! mankind will be apt to say, adopt the customs of countries that have not so much real liberty as our own! our present customs, what are they to any man? we are very happy under them: this must be a very pleasant fellow, who attempts to make us happier than we already are! Does he not know that abuses are the patrimony of a great part of the nation? Why deprive us of a malady by which such numbers find their account? This, I must own, is an argument to which I have nothing to reply.

What numberless savings might there not be made in both arts and commerce, particularly in the liberty of exercising trade, without the necessary perquisites of freedom! Such useless obstructions have crept into every state, from a spirit of monopoly, a narrow selfish spirit of gain, without the least attention to general society. Such a clog upon industry frequently drives the poor from labour, and reduces them by degrees to a state of hopeless indigence. We have already a more than sufficient repugnance to labour; we should by no means increase the obstacles, or make excuses in a state for idleness. Such faults have ever crept into a state under wrong or needy administrations.

Exclusive of the masters, there are numberless *faulty expences* among the workmen; clubs, garnishes,

freedoms, and such like impositions, which are i
minute even for law to take notice of, and which s
be abolished without mercy, since they are ev
inlets to excess and idleness, and are the parent
those outrages which naturally fall upon the
useful part of society. In the towns and coun
have seen, I never saw a city or village yet, who
series were not in proportion to the number
public houses. In Rotterdam, you may go th
eight or ten streets without finding a public
In Antwerp, almost every second house seems
house. In the one city all wears the appeara
happiness and warm affluence; in the other, the
fellows walk about the streets in shabby finery
fathers sit at the door darning or knitting stoc
while their ports are filled with dunghills.

Alehouses are ever an occasion of debauche
excess, and either in a religious or political li
would be our highest interest to have the greate
of them suppressed. They should be put unde
of not continuing open beyond a certain hour, a
bouring only proper persons. These rules, it
said, will diminish the necessary taxes; but this
reasoning, since what was consumed in deba
abroad, would, if such a regulation took place, b
justly, and perhaps more equitably for the worl
family, spent at home; and this cheaper to the
without loss of time. On the other hand, o
houses being ever open interrupt business; the
man is never certain who frequents them, nor
master be sure of having what was begun, fini
the convenient time.

A habit of frugality among the lower ord
mankind is much more beneficial to society th
unreflecting might imagine. The pawnbroker,
torney, and other pests of society, might by
management be turned into serviceable member

were their trades abolished, it is possible the same avarice that conducts the one, or the same chicanery that characterizes the other, might by proper regulations be converted into frugality, and commendable prudence.

But some have made the eulogium of luxury, have represented it as the natural consequence of every country that is become rich. Did we not employ our extraordinary wealth in superfluities, say they, what other means would there be to employ it in? To which it may be answered, if frugality were established in the state, if our expences were laid out rather in the necessaries than the superfluities of life, there might be fewer wants, and even fewer pleasures, but infinitely more happiness. The rich and the great would be better able to satisfy their creditors; they would be better able to marry their children, and, instead of one marriage at present, there might be two, if such regulations took place.

The imaginary calls of vanity, which in reality contribute nothing to our real felicity, would not then be attended to, while the real calls of nature might be always and universally supplied. The difference of employment in the subject is what, in reality, produces the good of society. If the subject be engaged in providing only the luxuries, the necessaries must be deficient in proportion. If, neglecting the produce of our own country, our minds are set upon the productions of another, we increase our wants, but not our means; and every new imported delicacy for our tables, or ornament in our equipage, is a tax upon the poor.

The true interest of every government is to cultivate the necessaries, by which is always meant every happiness our own country can produce; and suppress all the luxuries, by which is meant, on the other hand, every happiness imported from abroad. Commerce has therefore its bounds; and every new import, *instead of receiving* encouragement, should be first

examined whether it be conducive to the interest society.

Among the many publications with which the pre is every day burthened, I have often wondered why w never had, as in other countries, an Economical Jou nal, which might at once direct to all the useful di coveries in other countries, and spread those of ou own. As other journals serve to amuse the learne or what is more often the case, to make them quarre while they only serve to give us the history of th mischievous world, for so I call our warriors; or th idle world, for so may the learned be called; they neve trouble their heads about the most useful part of mar kind, our peasants and our artizans; were such a wor carried into execution with proper management an just direction, it might serve as a repository for ever useful improvement, and increase that knowledg which learning often serves to confound.

Sweden seems the only country where the scienc of economy seems to have fixed its empire. In othe countries, it is cultivated only by a few admirers, c by societies which have not received sufficient sanctio to become completely useful; but here there is founde a royal academy, destined to this purpose only, con posed of the most learned and powerful members c the state; an academy which declines every thin which only terminates in amusement, erudition, c curiosity; and admits only of observations tending t illustrate husbandry, agriculture, and every real phy sical improvement. In this country nothing is left t private rapacity, but every improvement is immediatel diffused, and its inventor immediately recompensed b the state. Happy were it so in other countries; b this means every impostor would be prevented fro ruining or deceiving the public with pretended disc veries or nostrums, and every real inventor would no by this means, suffer the inconveniences of suspicion

In short the economy, equally unknown to the prodigal and avaricious, seems to be a just mean between both extremes; and to a transgression of this at present decried virtue it is that we are to attribute a great part of the evils which infest society. A taste for superfluity, amusement, and pleasure bring effeminacy, idleness, and expence in their train. But a thirst of riches is always proportioned to our debauchery, and the greatest prodigal is too frequently found to be the greatest miser; so that the vices which seem the most opposite, are frequently found to produce each other; and, to avoid both, it is only necessary to be frugal.

Virtus est medium vitiorum et utrinque reductum.
HOR.

A REVERIE.

SCARCELY a day passes in which we
hear compliments paid to Dryden, Pope, and
writers of the last age, while not a month com
ward that is not loaded with invective again
writers of this. Strange, that our critics sho
fond of giving their favours to those who are inse
of the obligation, and their dislike to those, who
mankind are most apt to retaliate the injury.

Even though our present writers had not
merit with their predecessors, it would be pol
use them with ceremony. Every complimen
them would be more agreeable, in proportion a
least deserved it. Tell a lady with a handsom
that she is pretty, she only thinks it her due; it i
she has heard a thousand times before from
and disregards the compliment: but assure a la
cut of whose visage is something more plain, th
looks killing to-day, she instantly bridles up, an
the force of the well-timed flattery the whole da
Compliments, which we think are deserved, we
only as debts with indifference; but those whic
science informs us we do not merit, we receiv
the same gratitude that we do favours given aw

Our gentlemen, however, who preside at the
bution of literary fame, seem resolved to pa
praise neither from motives of justice, or gene
one would think, when they take pen in hand,
was only to blot reputations, and to put their s
the pacquet which consigns every new-born e
oblivion.

Yet, notwithstanding the republic of letters h
present so feebly together; though those fri

ch once promoted literary fame seem now to be
ontinued; though every writer who now draws the
l seems to aim at profit, as well as applause, many
ng them are probably laying in stores for immor-
y, and are provided with a sufficient stock of repu-
n to last the whole journey.

s I was indulging these reflections, in order to eke
the present page, I could not avoid pursuing the
aphor of going a journey in my imagination, and
ned the following reverie, too wild for allegory, and
regular for a dream.

fancied myself placed in the yard of a large inn,
vhich there were an infinite number of waggons
stage-coaches, attended by fellows who either in-
d the company to take their places, or were busied
packing their baggage. Each vehicle had its in-
ption showing the place of its destination. On one
ould read, *The pleasure stage-coach;* on another,
waggon of industry; on a third, *The vanity whim;*
on a fourth, *The landau of riches.* I had some
ination to step into each of these, one after another;
I know not by what means I passed them by, and
ast fixed my eye upon a small carriage, Berlin
ion, which seemed the most convenient vehicle at
stance in the world; and, upon my nearer approach,
nd it to be *The fame machine.*

instantly made up to the coachman, whom I found
e an affable and seemingly good-natured fellow.
informed me, that he had but a few days ago re-
ned from the temple of Fame, to which he had been
rying Addison, Swift, Pope, Steele, Congreve, and
ley Cibber. That they made but indifferent com-
y by the way, and that he once or twice was going
mpty his berlin of the whole cargo: however, says
I got them all safe home, with no other damage
n a black eye, which Colley gave Mr. Pope, and
now returned for another coachful. "If that be

" all, friend," said I, " and if you are in want of com-
" pany, I'll make one with all my heart. Open the
" door; I hope the machine rides easy." " Oh! for that
sir, extremely easy." But still keeping the door
shut, and measuring me with his eye, " Pray, sir, have
" you no luggage? You seem to be a good-natured sort
" of a gentleman; but I don't find you have got any
" luggage, and I never permit any to travel with me but
" such as have something valuable to pay for coach
" hire." Examining my pockets, I own I was not a little
disconcerted at this unexpected rebuff; but considering
that I carried a number of the Bee under my arm, I
was resolved to open it in his eyes, and dazzle him with
the splendour of the page. He read the title and con-
tents, however, without any emotion, and assured me
he had never heard of it before. " In short, friend,"
said he, now losing all his former respect, " you
" must not come in. I expect better passengers; but
" as you seem a harmless creature, perhaps if there
" be room left, I may let you ride a while for charity."

I now took my stand by the coachman at the door
and since I could not command a seat, was resolved to
be as useful as possible, and earn by my assiduity
what I could not by my merit.

The next that presented for a place was a most
whimsical figure indeed. He was hung round with
papers of his own composing, not unlike those who
sing ballads in the streets, and came dancing up to the
door with all the confidence of instant admittance.
The volubility of his motion and address prevented
my being able to read more of his cargo than the word
Inspector, which was written in great letters at the top
of some of the papers. He opened the coach-door
himself without any ceremony, and was just slipping
in, when the coachman, with as little ceremony, pull-
ed him back. Our figure seemed perfectly angry at
this repulse, and demanded gentleman's satisfaction

"Lord, sir!" replied the coachman, "instead of pro-"per luggage, by your bulk you seem loaded for a "West-India voyage. You are big enough with all "your papers to crack twenty stage-coaches. Excuse "me, indeed, sir, for you must not enter." Our figure now began to expostulate; he assured the coachman, that though his bagagge seemed so bulky, it was perfectly light, and that he would be contented with the smallest corner of room. But Jehu was inflexible, and the carrier of the Inspectors was sent to dance back again with all his papers fluttering in the wind. We expected to have no more trouble from this quarter, when in a few minutes the same figure changed his appearance, like Harlequin upon the stage, and with the same confidence again made his approaches, dressed in lace, and carrying nothing but a nosegay. Upon coming near, he thrust the nosegay to the coachman's nose, grasped the brass, and seemed now resolved to enter by violence. I found the struggle soon begin to grow hot, and the coachman who was a little old, unable to continue the contest; so, in order to ingratiate myself, I stept in to his assistance, and our united efforts sent our literary Proteus, though worsted, unconquered still, clear off, dancing a rigadoon, and smelling to his own nosegay.

The person, who after him appeared as candidate for a place in the stage, came up with an air not quite so confident, but somewhat however theatrical; and, instead of entering, made the coachman a very low bow, which the other returned, and desired to see his baggage; upon which he instantly produced some farces, a tragedy, and other miscellany productions. The coachman, casting his eye upon the cargo, assured him, at present he could not possibly have a place, but hoped in time he might aspire to one, as he seemed to have read in the book of nature, without a careful *perusal of which* none ever found entrance at the temple

of Fame. "What!" replied the disappointed
"shall my tragedy, in which I have vindicat
cause of liberty and virtue....." "Follow n
returned the other, "and never expect to find
"fame by topics which only please from their p
"rity. Had you been first in the cause of freed
"praised in virtue more than an empty name, it
"sible you might have gained admittance: but
"sent I beg, sir, you will stand aside for anothe
"tleman whom I see approaching."

This was a very grave personage, whom at
distance I took for one of the most reserved, an
disagreeable figures I had seen: but as he appro
his appearance improved, and, when I could
guish him thoroughly, I perceived that, in spite
severity of his brow, he had one of the most go
tured countenances that could be imagined.
coming to open the stage-door, he lifted a pa
folios into the seat before him, but our inqui
coachman at once shoved them out again. "
"not take in my dictionary!" exclaimed the ot
a rage. "Be patient, sir," replied the coac
"I have drove a coach, man and boy, these two
"sand years; but I do not remember to have
"above one dictionary during the whole time.
"little book which I perceive peeping from
"your pockets, may I presume to ask what
"tains?" "A mere trifle," replied the author,
"called "The Rambler." "The Rambler!" s
coachman, "I beg, sir, you'll take your place;
"heard our ladies in the court of Apollo frec
"mention it with rapture; and Clio, who hapj
"be a little grave, has been heard to prefer it
"Spectator; though others have observed, th
"reflections, by being refined, sometimes t
"minute."

ıve gentleman was scarcely seated, when
ıose appearance was something more mo-
ed willing to enter, yet afraid to ask. He
his hand a bundle of essays, of which the
vas curious enough to enquire the contents.
replied the gentleman, " are rhapsodies
ıe religion of my country." " And how
expect to come into my coach, after thus
he wrong side of the question?" " Ay,
ı right," replied the other; " and if you
eave, I shall in a few minutes state the ar-
" Right or wrong," said the coachman,
isturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall
vel in a coach of mine." " If then," said
ıan, mustering up all his courage, " if I am
ve admittance as an essayist, I hope I shall
ɔulsed as a historian ; the last volume of my
ıet with applause." " Yes," replied the
" but I have heard only the first approved
mple of Fame ; and as I see you have it
ı, enter without further ceremony." My
as now diverted to a crowd, who were push-
l a person that seemed more inclined to the
of riches ; but by their means he was
ard to the same machine, which he how-
d heartily to despise. Impelled, however,
icitations, he steps up, flourishing a volumi-
y, and demanding admittance. " Sir, I
nerly heard your name mentioned," says
ıan, " but never as a historian. Is there no
rk upon which you may claim a place?"
eplied the other, " except a romance ; but
work of too trifling a nature to claim future
" " You mistake," says the inquisitor, " a
ɛn romance is no such easy task as is ge-
magined. I remember formerly to have

« carried Cervantes and Segrais, and, if you think fit, " you may enter."

Upon our three literary travellers coming into the same coach, I listened attentively to hear what might be the conversation that passed upon this extraordinary occasion; when, instead of agreeable or entertaining dialogue, I found them grumbling at each other, and each seemed discontented with his companions.... Strange! thought I to myself, that they who are thus born to enlighten the world, should still preserve the narrow prejudices of childhood, and, by disagreeing, make even the highest merit ridiculous. Were the learned and the wise to unite against the dunces of society, instead of sometimes siding into opposite parties with them, they might throw a lustre upon each other's reputation, and teach every rank of subordinate merit, if not to admire, at least not to avow dislike.

In the midst of these reflections, I perceived the coachman, unmindful of me, had now mounted the box. Several were approaching to be taken in, whose pretensions I was sensible were very just; I therefore desired him to stop, and take in more passengers; but he replied, as he had now mounted the box, it would be improper to come down; but that he should take them all, one after the other, when he should return. So he drove away, and for myself, as I could not get in, I mounted behind, in order to hear the conversation on the way.

To be continued.

A WORD OR TWO ON THE LATE FARCE,

CALLED

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

JUST as I had expected, before I saw this farce, I found it formed on too narrow a plan to afford a pleasing variety. The sameness of the humour in every scene could not but at last fail of being disagreeable. The poor, affecting the manners of the rich, might be carried on through one character or two at the most with great propriety; but to have almost every personage on the scene almost of the same character, and reflecting the follies of each other, was unartful in the poet to the last degree.

The scene was also almost a continuation of the same absurdity; and my lord duke and sir Harry (two footmen who assume these characters) have nothing else to *do* but to talk like their masters, and are only introduced to speak, and to show themselves. Thus, as there is a sameness of character, there is a barrenness of incident, which, by a very small share of address, the poet might have easily avoided.

From a conformity to critic rules, which perhaps on the whole have done more harm than good, our author has sacrificed all the vivacity of the dialogue to nature; and though he makes his characters talk like servants, they are seldom absurd enough, or lively enough to make us merry. Though he is always natural, he happens seldom to be humorous.

The satire was well intended, if we regard it as being masters *ourselves*; but probably a philosopher would rejoice in that liberty which Englishmen give

their domestics; and for my own part I cann
being pleased at the happiness of those poor cr
who in some measure contribute to mine.
Athenians, the politest and best-natured peop
earth, were the kindest to their slaves; and il
son may judge, who has seen the world, our
servants are the best treated, because the gene
our English gentlemen are the politest under

But not to lift my feeble voice among the
critics, who probably have no other occupat
that of cutting up every thing new, I must ow
are one or two scenes that are fine satire, a
ciently humorous; particularly the first inter
tween the two footmen, which at once ridicu
manners of the great, and the absurdity of th
tators.

Whatever defects there might be in the c
tion, there were none in the action; in this the
mers showed more humour than I had
them capable of. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Kin
entirely what they desired to represent: an
Clive (but what need I talk of her, since with
least exaggeration she has more true humo
any actor or actress upon the English or any oth
I have seen); she, I say, did the part all the ju
was capable of. And upon the whole a farce
has only this to recommend it, that the auth
his plan from the volume of nature, by the sp
manner in which it was performed, was for or
a tolerable entertainment. Thus much may
in its vindication, that people of fashion seeme
pleased in the representation than the subordina
of people.

UPON UNFORTUNATE MERIT.

EVERY age seems to have its favourite pur-
which serve to amuse the idle, and relieve the
on of the industrious. Happy the man who is
xcellent in the pursuit in vogue, and whose ge-
eems adapted to the times in which he lives.
nany do we see, who might have excelled in arts
nces, and who seem furnished with talents equal
greatest discoveries, had the road not been
beaten by their predecessors, and nothing left
em, except trifles to discover, while others of
noderate abilities become famous, because hap-
to be first in the reigning pursuit!
is, at the renewal of letters in Europe, the taste
t to compose new books, but to comment on the
es. It was not to be expected that new books
be written, when there were so many of the
ts either not known or not undersood. It was
asonable to attempt new conquests, while they
ch an extensive region lying waste for want of
tion. At that period criticism and erudition
he reigning studies of the times; and he, who
nly an inventive genius, might have languished
eless obscurity. When the writers of antiquity
ufficiently explained and known, the learned set
mitating them: hence proceeded the number of
orators, poets, and historians in the reigns of
nt the seventh and Alexander the sixth. This
n for antiquity lasted for many years, to the utter
ion of every other pursuit, till some began to find,
nose works which were imitated from nature,
more like the writings of antiquity, than even
written in express imitation. It was then mo-
nguage began to be cultivated with assiduity,

and our poets and orators poured forth their wor upon the world.

As writers become more numerous, it is natur readers to become more indolent; whence must n sarily arise a desire of attaining knowledge with greatest possible ease. No science or art offers it struction and amusement in so obvious a mann statuary and painting. Hence we see, that a desi cultivating those arts generally attends the decli science. Thus the finest statues and the most be ful paintings of antiquity preceded but a little the lute decay of every other science. The statues of toninus, Comodus, and their cotemporaries, are finest productions of the chissel, and appeared but before learning was destroyed by comment, criti and barbarous invasions.

What happened in Rome may probably be the with us at home. Our nobility are now more solic in patronizing painters and sculptors than those o other polite profession; and from the lord, who h gallery, down to the 'prentice, who has his two-p copper-plate, all are admirers of this art. The g by their caresses, seem insensible to all other meri that of the pencil; and the vulgar buy every boo ther from the excellence of the sculptor than the w

How happy were it now, if men of real excel in that profession were to arise! Were the pai of Italy now to appear, who once wandered like gars from one city to another, and produce their al breathing figures, what rewards might they not ex But many of them lived without rewards, and ther rewards alone will never produce their equals. have often found the great exert themselves not without promotion, but in spite of opposition. have often found them flourishing, like medical p *in a region* of savageness and barbarity, their excel *unknown*, and their virtues unheeded.

:y who have seen the paintings of Caravagio are
le of the surprising impression they make; bold,
ıg, terrible to the last degree; all seems animat-
d speaks him among the foremost of his profes-
yet this man's fortune and his fame seemed ever
osition to each other.
cnowing how to flatter the great, he was driven
city to city in the utmost indigence, and might
ɔe said to paint for his bread.
ʼing one day insulted a person of distinction, who
d to pay him all the respect which he thought
.e, he was obliged to leave Rome, and travel on
ıis usual method of going his journies down into
ıuntry, without either money or friends to subsist

er he had travelled in this manner as long as his
;th would permit, faint with famine and fatigue,
last called at an obscure inn by the way side.
ıost knew, by the appearance of his guest, his in-
ɛnt circumstances, and refused to furnish him a
r without previous payment.
Caravagio was entirely destitute of money, he
lown the innkeeper's sign, and painted it anew for
nner.
us refreshed he proceeded on his journey, and
ıe innkeeper not quite satisfied with this method
yment. Some company of distinction, however,
ıg soon after, and struck with the beauty of the
ign, bought it at an advanced price, and astonished
ınkeeper with their generosity; he was resolved,
fore, to get as many signs as possible drawn by
ıme artist, as he found he could sell them to good
ıtage; and accordingly set out after Caravagio, in
to bring him back. It was night-fall before he
up to the place, where the unfortunate Caravagio
ead by the road side, overcome by fatigue, resent-
, *and despair.*

THE BEE, NO. VI.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 175

ON EDUCATION.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

SIR,

AS few subjects are more interesting to soc so few have been more frequently written upon, t the education of youth. Yet is it not a little surpris that it should have been treated almost by all in a clamatory manner? They have insisted largely on advantages that result from it, both to the indivi and to society, and have expatiated in the prais what none have ever been so hardy as to call in ques

Instead of giving us fine but empty harangues t this subject, instead of indulging each his partic and whimsical systems, it had been much better if writers on this subject had treated it in a more sc tific manner, repressed all the sallies of imagina and given us the result of their observations with di tic simplicity. Upon this subject the smallest er are of the most dangerous consequence; and the au should venture the imputation of stupidity upon a t where his slightest deviations may tend to injure rising generation.

I shall therefore throw out a few thoughts upon this subject, which have not been attended to by others, and shall dismiss all attempts to please, while I study only instruction.

The manner in which our youth of London are at present educated is, some in free schools in the city, but the far greater number in boarding schools about town. The parent justly consults the health of his child, and finds an education in the country tends to promote this much more than a continuance in town. Thus far they are right; if there were a possibility of having even our free schools kept a little out of town, it would certainly conduce to the health and vigour of perhaps the mind, as well as of the body. It may be thought whimsical, but it is truth; I have found, by experience, that they, who have spent all their lives in cities, contract not only an effeminacy of habit, but even of thinking.

But, when I have said that the boarding schools are preferable to free schools, as being in the country, this is certainly the only advantage I can allow them, otherwise it is impossible to conceive the ignorance of those who take upon them the important trust of education. Is any man unfit for any of the professions; he finds his last resource in setting up school. Do any become bankrupts in trade; they still set up a boarding school, and drive a trade this way, when all others fail: nay, I have been told of butchers and barbers, who have turned schoolmasters, and, more surprising still, made fortunes in their new profession.

Could we think ourselves in a country of civilized people; could it be conceived that we have any regard for posterity, when such are permitted to take the charge of the morals, genius, and health of those dear little pledges, who may one day be the guardians of the liberties of Europe, and who may serve as the honour and bulwark of their aged parents? The care of our

children, is it below the state? Is it fit to indulge the caprice of the ignorant with the disposal of their children in this particular? For the state to take the charge of all its children, as in Persia or Sparta, might at present be inconvenient; but surely with great ease it might cast an eye to their instructors. Of all members of society, I do not know a more useful, or a more honourable one, than a schoolmaster; at the same time that I do not see any more generally despised, or whose talents are so ill rewarded.

Were the salaries of schoolmasters to be augmented from a diminution of useless sinecures, how might it turn to the advantage of this people; a people whom, without flattery, I may, in other respects, term the wisest and greatest upon earth! But while I would reward the deserving, I would dismiss those utterly unqualified for their employment: in short, I would make the business of a schoolmaster every way more respectable, by increasing their salaries, and admitting only men of proper abilities.

There are already schoolmasters appointed, and they have some small salaries; but where at present there is but one schoolmaster appointed, there should at least be two; and wherever the salary is at present twenty pounds, it should be a hundred. Do we give immoderate benefices to those who instruct ourselves, and shall we deny even subsistence to those who instruct our children? Every member of society should be paid in proportion as he is necessary; and I will be bold enough to say, that schoolmasters in a state are more necessary than clergymen, as children stand in more need of instruction than their parents.

But, instead of this, as I have already observed, we send them to board in the country, to the most ignorant set of men that can be imagined. But lest the ignorance of the master be not sufficient, the child is *generally* consigned to the usher. This is generally

ome poor needy animal, little superior to a footman ither in learning or spirit, invited to his place by an dvertisement, and kept there merely from his being f a complying disposition, and making the children nd of him. "You give your child to be educated to a slave," says a philosopher to a rich man; "instead of one slave, you will then have two."

It were well, however, if parents upon fixing their hildren in one of these houses, would examine the bilities of the usher as well as of the master; for hatever they are told to the contrary, the usher is enerally the person most employed in their educa- on. If then a gentleman, upon putting out his son one of these houses, sees the usher disregarded by he master, he may depend upon it, that he is equally isregarded by the boys; the truth is, in spite of all heir endeavours to please, they are generally the aughing stock of the school. Every trick is played pon the usher; the oddity of his manners, his dress, r his language, is a fund of eternal ridicule; the master imself now and then cannot avoid joining in the laugh, nd the poor wretch, eternally resenting this ill usage, eems to live in a state of war with all the family. This s a very proper person, is it not, to give children a elish for learning? They must esteem learning very nuch, when they see its professors used with such eremony. If the usher be despised, the father may e assured his child will never be properly instructed.

But let me suppose, that there are some schools vithout these inconveniencies, where the master and ishers are men of learning, reputation, and assiduity. f there are to be found such, they cannot be prized n a state sufficiently. A boy will learn more true visdom in a public school in a year, than by a private ducation in five. It is not from masters, but from heir equals, youth learn a knowledge of the world; *he little tricks* they play each other, the punishment

that frequently attends the commission, is a just p
of the great world, and all the ways of men are pra
in a public school in miniature. It is true, a cl
early made acquainted with some vices in a schoc
it is better to know these when a boy, that be
taught them when a man, for their novelty then
have irresistible charms.

In a public education, boys early learn temper
and if the parents and friends would give them
money upon their usual visits, it would be much to
advantage, since it may justly be said, that a grea
of their disorders arise from surfeit, *plus occidit quam gladius*. And now I am come to the arti
health, it may not be amiss to observe, that Mr. I
and some others have advised that children shou
inured to cold, to fatigue, and hardship from
youth; but Mr. Locke was but an indifferent phys
Habit, I grant, has great influence over our con
tions, but we have not precise ideas upon this su

We know that among savages, and even amon
peasants, there are found children born with such
stitutions, that they cross rivers by swimming, e
cold, thirst, hunger, and want of sleep to a surpr
degree; that when they happen to fall sick, the
cured without the help of medicine by nature
Such examples are adduced to persuade us to in
their manner of education, and accustom ourselv
times to support the same fatigues. But had
gentlemen considered, First, that those savages an
sants are generally not so long-lived as they who
led a more indolent life. Secondly, that the mo
borious the life is, the less populous is the cou
Had they considered, that what physicians cal
stamina vitæ, by fatigue and labour become rigid
thus anticipate old age. That the number, wh
vive those rude trials, bears no proportion to thos
die in the experiment. Had these things been

rly considered, they would not have thus extolled an ucation begun in fatigue and hardships. Peter the eat, willing to inure the children of his seamen to ife of hardship, ordered that they should drink only ı water, but they unfortunately all died under the periment.

But while I would exclude all unnecessary labours, t still I would recommend temperance in the highest gree. No luxurious dishes, with high seasoning, thing given children to force an appetite, as little ;ared or salted provisions as possible, though never pleasing; but milk, morning and night, should be ir constant food. This diet would make them more ılthy than any of those slops that are usually cooked the mistress of a boarding school; besides, it cor-ts any consumptive habits, not unfrequently found ongst the children of city parents.

As boys should be educated with temperance, so the t greatest lesson that should be taught them is to nire frugality. It is by the exercise of this virtue ne they can ever expect to be useful members of iety. It is true, lectures continually repeated upon s subject may make some boys, when they grow up, ı into an extreme, and become misers; but it were ll had we more misers than we have among us. I ow few characters more useful in society, for a man's ving a larger or smaller share of money lying useless him no way injures the common wealth, since, ould every miser now exhaust his stores, this might ake gold more plenty, but it would not increase the mmodities or pleasures of life; they would still re-ain as they are at present: it matters not, therefore, ıether men are misers or not, if they be only frugal, orious, and fill the station they have chosen. If they ny themselves the necessaries of life, society is no *y injured by their folly.*

nstead, therefore, of romances, which praise young *of spirit, who* go through a variety of adventures,

and at last conclude a life of dissipatio
travagance in riches and matrimony,
some men of wit employed to com
might equally interest the passions of o
such a one might be praised for hav
lurements when young, and how he at
mayor; how he was married to a lad
fortune, and beauty: to be as explicit
old story of Whittington, were his cat
be more serviceable to the tender m
Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, or a
where frugality is the only good qualit
possessed of. Were our schoolmaster
had sense enough to draw up such a
ployed, it would be much more ser
pupils, than all the grammars and c
may publish these ten years.

Children should early be instructed
which they would afterwards draw the
tages. When the wonders of nature a
to our view, we have no great desir
quainted with those parts of learning v
account for the phænomena. One of t
plains, that as soon as young men have
are obliged to converse in the world, t
selves transported into a new region.
venerint existiment se in aliam terrarum
We should early therefore instruct th
riments, if I may so express it, of know
to maturer age the accounting for th
instead of that, when boys begin natur
colleges, they have not the least curiosit
of the science which are proposed for t
they have never before seen the phæno
sequently have no curiosity to learn the
natural philosophy, therefore, be mad

in school, by this means it would in college become their amusement.

In several of the machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of the phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon elastic bodies, might employ their idle hours, and none should be called from play to see such experiments but such as thought proper. At first then it would be sufficient if the instruments, and the effects of their combination were only shown; the causes should be deferred to a maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. Man is placed in this world as a spectator; when he is tired with wondering at all the novelties about him, and not till then, does he desire to be made acquainted with the causes that create those wonders.

What I have observed with regard to natural philosophy, I would extend to every other science whatsoever. We should teach them as many of the facts as were possible, and defer the causes until they seemed of themselves desirous of knowing them. A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiences of science, would be the fittest in the world for the college course; and though such a youth might not appear so bright, or so talkative, as those who had learned the real principles and causes of some of the sciences, yet he would make a wiser man, and would retain a more lasting passion for letters, than he who was early burdened with the disagreeable institution of effect and cause.

In history, such stories alone should be laid before them as might catch the imagination; instead of this, they are too frequently obliged to toil through the four empires, as they are called, where their memories are burdened by a number of disgusting names, that de-

stroy all their future relish for our best historians, who may be termed the truest teachers of wisdom.

Every species of flattery should be carefully avoided; a boy, who happens to say a sprightly thing, is generally applauded so much, that he happens to continue a coxcomb sometimes all his life after. He is reputed a wit at fourteen, and becomes a blockhead at twenty. Nurses, footmen, and such, should therefore be driven away as much as possible. I was even going to add, that the mother herself should stifle her pleasure, or her vanity, when little master happens to say a good or a smart thing. Those modest lubberly boys, who seem to want spirit, generally go through their business with more ease to themselves, and more satisfaction to their instructors.

There has of late a gentleman appeared, who thinks the study of rhetoric essential to a perfect education. That bold male eloquence, which often, without pleasing, convinces, is generally destroyed by such institutions. Convincing eloquence, however, is infinitely more serviceable to its possessor than the most florid harangue or the most pathetic tones that can be imagined; and the man who is thoroughly convinced himself, who understands his subject, and the language he speaks in, will be more apt to silence opposition, than he who studies the force of his periods, and fills our ears with sounds, while our minds are destitute of conviction.

It was reckoned the fault of the orators at the decline of the Roman empire, when they had been long instructed by rhetoricians, that their periods were so harmonious, as that they could be sung as well as spoken. What a ridiculous figure must one of these gentlemen cut thus measuring syllables, and weighing words, when he should plead the cause of his client! Two *architects* were once candidates for the building a certain *temple* at Athens. The first harangued the crowd

very learnedly upon the different orders of architecture, and showed them in what manner the temple should be built; the other, who got up to speak after him, only observed, that what his brother had spoken he could do; and thus he at once gained his cause.

To teach men to be orators is little less than to teach them to be poets; and, for my part, I should have too great a regard for my child, to wish him a manor only in a bookseller's shop.

Another passion which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a *talker* in all, but a *master* in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shows his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprized to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road in which they found the greatest difficulties would not be most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation on the opposite page leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember, in order to save him the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, though no schoolmaster, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's, or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements, but such improvements seem to me only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which, at a proper age, he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind is only deceiving ourselves, and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but though tenderness is a requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how: there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper whilst they correct. I knew a good-natured man, who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of

eers, I mean of the boys of his own or the next
:s to him; his accusers stood forth; he had a
y of pleading in his own defence, and one or two
had a liberty of pleading against him: when
l guilty by the pannel, he was consigned to the
ıan, who attended in the house, who had previous
·s to punish, but with lenity. By this means the
er took off the odium of punishment from himself;
the footman, between whom and the boys there
l not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in
a light as to be shunned by every boy in the
ɔl*.

ıd now I have gone thus far, perhaps you will
: me some pedagogue, willing, by a well-timed
to increase the reputation of his own school; but
is not the case. The regard I have for society,
hose tender minds who are the objects of the pre-
essay, is the only motive I have for offering those
ghts, calculated not to surprize by their novelty,
e elegance of composition, but merely to remedy
: defects which have crept into the present system
:hool education. If this letter should be inserted,
aps I may trouble you, in my next, with some
ghts upon a university education, not with an in-
to exhaust the subject, but to amend some few
es. I am, &c.

*This dissertation was thus far introduced into the volume of
s, afterwards published by Dr. Goldsmith, with the follow-
bservation:
iis treatise was published before Rousseau's Emilius: if there
similitude in any one instance, it is hoped the author of the
nt essay will not be termed a plagiarist.

ON THE INSTABILITY

OF WORLDLY GRANDEUR.

AN alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French king, upon the commencement of the last war with France, pulled down his old sign, and put up the queen of Hungary Under the influence of her red face and golden sceptre he continued to sell ale till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her therefore some time ago for the king of Prussia, who may probably be changed in turn for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

Our publican in this imitates the great exactly, who deal out their figures one after the other to the gazing crowd beneath them. When we have sufficiently wondered at one, that is taken in, and another exhibited in its room, which seldom holds its station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet figure, which had been designed to represent himself. *There* were also some knocking down a neighbouring *statue of* one of the Orsini family, with whom he was

var, in order to put Alexander's effigy when taken
m, in its place. It is possible a man who knew less
he world would have condemned the adulation of
se barefaced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleas-
it their zeal, and turning to Borgia his son, said with
mile, *Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen falibulum*
r et statuum. "You see, my son, the small diffe-
ence between a gibbet and a statue." If the great
ld be taught any lesson, this might serve to teach
m upon how weak a foundation their glory stands,
ch is built upon popular applause; for as such
ise what seems like merit, they as quickly condemn
it has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her lovers must
, feel every inquietude, indulge every caprice, and
haps at last be jilted into the bargain. True glory
the other hand resembles a woman of sense; her
nirers must play no tricks; they feel no great anxi-
, for they are sure in the end of being rewarded in
portion to their merit. When Swift used to appear
public, he generally had the mob shouting in his
n. "Pox take these fools," he would say, "how
ch joy might all this bawling give my lord mayor!"
We have seen those virtues, which have while living
ired from the public eye, generally transmitted to
iterity, as the truest objects of admiration and
ise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of
rlborough may one day be set up, even above that
his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage
all the mild and amiable virtues is far superior to
se vulgarly called the great ones. I must be par-
ied for this short tribute to the memory of a man,
o while living would as much detest to receive any
ng that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should
offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the
iten road of common place, except by illustrating it,

rather by the assistance of my memory than my ju ment, and instead of making reflections, by telling story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of C fucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thous words, and could read a great part of every book t came in his way, once took it into his head to tra into Europe, and observe the customs of a peo whom he thought not very much inferior even to own countrymen, in the arts of refining upon ev pleasure. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam his pass for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked bookseller for the works of the immortal Ilixoi The bookseller assured him, he had never heard book mentioned before. "What, have you never he "of that immortal poet," returned the other, m surprised, "that light of the eyes, that favourite "kings, that rose of perfection! I suppose you kn "nothing of the immortal Fipsihihi, second cousi "the moon?" "Nothing at all, indeed, sir," retur the other. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what p "pose then has one of these fasted to death, and "other offered himself up as a sacrifice to the Ta "rean enemy, to gain a renown which has ne "travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarcely a village in Europe, and not university, that is not thus furnished with its li great men. The head of a petty corporation, w opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyranni ly force his subjects to save their best clothes for S days; the puny pedant who finds one undiscove property in the polype, describes an unheeded proc in the skeleton of a mole, and whose mind like microscope perceives nature only in detail; the rhyn who makes smooth verses, and paints to our imagi tion when he should only speak to our hearts;

ually fancy themselves walking forward to immorta-
y, and desire the crowd behind them to look on.
ıe crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philo-
pher, and poet, are shouted in their train. Where
ıs there ever so much merit seen; no times so im-
rtant as our own; ages yet unborn shall gaze with
nder and applause! to such music the important
;my moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly
mpared to a *puddle in a storm.*

I have lived to see generals, who once had crowds
llooing after them wherever they went, who were be-
aised by newspapers and magazines, those echoes of
e voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk
o merited obscurity, with scarcely even an epitaph
t to flatter. A few years ago the herring fishery
nployed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every
ffee-house, and the burthen of every ballad. We
ere to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of
e sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings
on our own terms. At present we hear no more of
this. We have fished up very little gold that I can
ırn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as
ıs expected. *Let us wait but a few years longer, and
shall find all our expectations a herring fishery.*

SOME ACCOUNT

OF THE

ACADEMIES OF ITALY.

THERE is not perhaps a country in in which learning is so fast upon the decl Italy; yet not one in which there are such of academies instituted for its support. scarcely a considerable town in the whole which has not one or two institutions of th where the learned, as they are pleased to c selves, meet to harangue, to compliment ea and praise the utility of their institution.

Jarchius has taken the trouble to give u those clubs, or academies, which amount to fiv and fifty, each distinguished by somewhat in the name. The academies of Bologna, fo are divided into the Abbandonati, the Ausiosi Arcadi, Confusi, Dubbiosi, &c. There are fe who have not published their transactions, an a member who is not looked upon as the mo man in the world, at home.

Of all those societies, I know of none wh are worth being known out of the precincts in which they were written, except the Cic demica (or, as we might express it, the ticklin of Florence. I have just now before me a n oration, spoken by the late Tomaso Crudeli ciety, which will at once serve to give a bett of the manner in which men of wit amuse t

country, than any thing I could say upon the
ı. The oration is this:
e younger the nymph, my dear companions,
'e happy the lover. From fourteen to seven-
ıu are sure of finding love for love; from seven-
twenty-one, there is always a mixture of interest
ction. But when that period is past, no longer
to receive, but to buy. No longer expect a
who gives, but who sells her favours. At this
:ry glance is taught its duty; not a look, not a
ithout design; the lady, like a skilful warrior,
the heart of another, while she shields her own
nger.
the contrary, at fifteen, you may expect no-
ıt simplicity, innocence, and nature. The pas-
'e then sincere; the soul seems seated in the
ıe dear object feels present happiness, without
nxious for the future; her eyes brighten if her
)proaches; her smiles are borrowed from the
and her very mistakes seem to complete her

:retia was just sixteen. The rose and lily took
ıon of her face, and her bosom, by its hue and
ness, seemed covered with snow. So much
and so much virtue, seldom want admirers.
no, a youth of sense and merit, was among the
'. He had long languished for an opportunity
ring his passion, when Cupid, as if willing to
his happiness, brought the charming young
by mere accident, to an arbour, where every
eye but love was absent. Orlandino talked of
:erity of his passion, and mixed flattery with his
es; but it was all in vain. The nymph was
aged, and had long devoted to heaven those
for which he sued. "My dear Orlandino,"
:, "you know I have long been dedicated to St.
rine, and to her belongs all that lies below my

" girdle; all that is above you may freely po
" further I cannot, must not comply. The vo
" ed; I wish it were undone, but now it is im
You may conceive, my companions, the emba
our young lovers felt upon this occasion. The
to St. Catharine, and, though both despaired,
plored her assistance. Their tutelar saint was
to show some expedient, by which both might
to love, and yet both be happy. Their pet
sincere. St. Catharine was touched with con
for lo, a miracle! Lucretia's girdle unloosed, a
out hands; and though before bound round he
fell spontaneously down to her feet, and ga
dino the possession of all those beauties w
above it."

THE BEE, NO. VII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1759.

OF ELOQUENCE.

OF all kinds of success, that of an orator is the
st pleasing. Upon other occasions, the applause we
erve is conferred in our absence, and we are insen-
e of the pleasure we have given; but in eloquence
victory and the triumph are inseparable. We read
own glory in the face of every spectator, the audi-
is moved, the antagonist is defeated, and the whole
: bursts into unsolicited applause.

e rewards which attend excellence in this way are
asing, that numbers have written professed trea-
o teach us the art; schools have been established
o other intent; rhetoric has taken place among
titutions; and pedants have ranged under pro-
ıds, and distinguished with long learned names,
the strokes of nature, or of passion, which ora-
/e used. I say only *some*, for a folio volume
ıt contain all the figures which have been used
uly eloquent, and scarcely a good speaker or
ıt makes use of some that are peculiar or new.
:nce has preceded the rules of rhetoric, as lan-
ave been formed before grammar. Nature
ıen eloquent in great interests, or great pas-
: *that is* sensibly touched, sees things with a

very different eye from the rest of mankind. All nature to him becomes an object of comparison and metaphor, without attending to it; he throws life into all, and inspires his audience with a part of his own enthusiasm.

It has been remarked, that the lower parts of mankind generally express themselves most figuratively, and that tropes are found in the most ordinary forms of conversation. Thus in every language the heart burns, the courage is rouzed, the eyes sparkle, the spirits are cast down; passion enflames, pride swells, and pity sinks the soul. Nature every where speaks in those strong images, which, from their frequency, pass unnoticed.

Nature it is which inspires those rapturous enthusiasms, those irresistible turns; a strong passion, a pressing danger, calls up all the imagination, and gives the orator irresistible force. Thus a captain of the first caliphs, seeing his soldiers fly, cried out, "Whither do "you run? the enemy are not there! You have been "told that the caliph is dead; but God is still living. "He regards the brave, and will reward the courage-"ous. Advance!"

A man therefore may be called eloquent, who transfers the passion or sentiment with which he is moved himself, into the breast of another; and this definition appears the more just, as it comprehends the graces of silence, and of action. An intimate persuasion of the truth to be proved is the sentiment and passion to be transferred, and who effects this, is truly possessed of the talent of eloquence.

I have called eloquence a talent, and not an art, as so many rhetoricians have done, as art is acquired by exercise and study, and eloquence is the gift of nature. Rules will never make either a work or a discourse eloquent; they only serve to prevent faults, but not to introduce beauties; to prevent those passages, which are truly *eloquent*, and dictated by nature, from being blended

with others, which might disgust, or at least abate our passion.

What we clearly conceive, says Boileau, we can clearly express. I may add, that what is felt with emotion is expressed also with the same movements; the words arise as readily to paint our emotions, as to express our thoughts with perspicuity. The cool care an orator takes to express passions which he does not feel, only prevents his rising into that passion he would seem to feel. In a word, to feel your subject thoroughly, and to speak without fear, are the only rules of eloquence, properly so called, which I can offer. Examine a writer of genius on the most beautiful parts of his work, and he will always assure you that such passages are generally those which have given him the least trouble, for they came as if by inspiration. To pretend that cold and didactic precepts will make a man eloquent, is only to prove that he is incapable of eloquence.

But as in being perspicuous it is necessary to have a full idea of the subject, so in being eloquent it is not sufficient, if I may so express it, to feel by halves. The orator should be strongly impressed, which is generally the effect of a fine and exquisite sensibility, and not that transient and superficial emotion, which he excites in the greatest part of his audience. It is even impossible to affect the hearers in any great degree without being affected ourselves. In vain it will be objected, that many writers have had the art to inspire their readers with a passion for virtue, without being virtuous themselves; since it may be answered, that sentiments of virtue filled their minds at the time they were writing. They felt the inspiration strongly, while they praised justice, generosity, or good-nature; but, unhappily for them, these passions might have been discontinued, when they laid down the pen. In vain will it be objected again, that we can move without being *moved*, as we can convince without being con-

vinced. It is much easier to deceive our reason than ourselves; a trifling defect in reasoning may be overseen, and lead a man astray; for it requires reason and time to detect the falsehood, but our passions are not easily imposed upon, our eyes, our ears, and every sense, are watchful to detect the imposture.

No discourse can be eloquent, that does not elevate the mind. Pathetic eloquence, it is true, has for its only object to affect; but I appeal to men of sensibility, whether their pathetic feelings are not accompanied with some degree of elevation. We may then call eloquence and sublimity the same thing, since it is impossible to be one without feeling the other. Hence it follows, that we may be eloquent in any language, since no language refuses to paint those sentiments, with which we are thoroughly impressed. What is usually called sublimity of style seems to be only an error. Eloquence is not in the words but in the subject, and in great concerns the more simply any thing is expressed, it is generally the more sublime. True eloquence does not consist, as the rhetoricians assure us, in saying great things in a sublime style, but in a simple style; for there is, properly speaking, no such thing as a sublime style, the sublimity lies only in the things; and when they are not so, the language may be turgid, affected, metaphorical, but not affecting.

What can be more simply expressed than the following extract from a celebrated preacher, and yet what was ever more sublime? Speaking of the small number of the elect, he breaks out thus among his audience: "Let me suppose that this was the last hour of us all; "that the heavens were opening over our heads; that "time was passed, and eternity begun: that Jesus "Christ in all his glory, that man of sorrows in all his "glory, appeared on the tribunal, and that we were as- "sembled here to receive our final decree of life or "death eternal! Let me ask, impressed with terror

" like you, and not separating my lot from your's, but " putting myself in the same situation in which we " must all one day appear before God, our judge: let " me ask, if Jesus Christ should now appear to make " the terrible separation of the just from the unjust, do " you think the greatest number would be saved? Do " you think the number of the elect would even be " equal to that of the sinners? Do you think, if all our " works were examined with justice, would he find ten " just persons in this great assembly? Monsters of in- " gratitude! would he find one?" Such passages as these are sublime in every language. The expression may be less speaking, or more indistinct, but the greatness of the idea still remains. In a word, we may be eloquent in every language, and in every style, since elocution is only an assistant, but not a constitutor of eloquence.

Of what use then, will it be said, are all the precepts given us upon this head, both by the ancients and moderns? I answer, that they cannot make us eloquent, but they will certainly prevent us from becoming ridiculous. They can seldom procure a single beauty, but they may banish a thousand faults. The true method of an orator is not to attempt always to move, always to affect, to be continually sublime, but at proper intervals to give rest both to his own and the passions of his audience. In these periods of relaxation, or of preparation rather, rules may teach him to avoid any thing low, trivial, or disgusting. Thus criticism, properly speaking, is intended not to assist those parts which are sublime, but those which are naturally mean and humble, which are composed with coolness and caution, and where the orator rather endeavours not to offend than attempts to please.

I have hitherto insisted more strenuously on that eloquence which speaks to the passions, as it is a species of oratory almost unknown in England. At the

bar it is quite discontinued, and I think with justice. In the senate it is used but sparingly, as the orator speaks to enlightened judges. But in the pulpit, in which the orator should chiefly address the vulgar, it seems strange that it should be entirely laid aside.

The vulgar of England are, without exception, the most barbarous and the most unknowing of any in Enrope. A great part of their ignorance may be chiefly ascribed to their teachers, who with the most pretty gentleman-like serenity deliver their cool discourses, and address the reason of men, who have never reasoned in all their lives. They are told of cause and effect, of beings self-existent, and the universal scale of beings. They are informed of the excellence of the Bangorian controversy, and the absurdity of an intermediate state. The spruce preacher reads his lucubration without lifting his nose from the text, and never ventures to earn the shame of an enthusiast.

By this means, though his audience feel not one word of all he says, he earns however among his acquaintance the character of a man of sense; among his acquaintance only did I say, nay even with his bishop.

The polite of every country have several motives to induce them to a rectitude of action; the love of virtue for its own sake, the shame of offending, and the desire of pleasing. The vulgar have but one, the enforcements of religion; and yet those, who should push this motive home to their hearts, are basely found to desert their post. They speak to the squire, the philosopher, and the pedant; but the poor, those who really want instruction, are left uninstructed.

I have attended most of our pulpit orators, who, it must be owned, write extremely well upon the text they assume. To give them their due also, they read their sermons with elegance and propriety, but this goes but a very short way in true eloquence. The speaker must be moved. In this, in this alone, our

English divines are deficient. Were they to speak to a few calm dispassionate hearers, they certainly use the properest methods of address; but their audience is chiefly composed of the poor, who must be influenced by motives of reward and punishment, and whose only virtues lie in self-interest or fear.

How then are such to be addressed? not by studied periods or cold disquisitions; not by the labours of the head, but the honest spontaneous dictates of the heart. Neither writing a sermon with regular periods and all the harmony of elegant expression; neither reading it with emphasis, propriety, and deliberation; neither pleasing with metaphor, simile, or rhetorical fustian; neither arguing coolly, and untying consequences united in *a priori*, nor bundling up inductions *a posteriori*; neither pedantic jargon, nor academical trifling, can persuade the poor; writing a discourse coolly in the closet, then getting it by memory, and delivering it on Sundays, even that will not do. What then is to be done? I know of no expedient to speak; to speak at once intelligibly, and feelingly, except to understand the language. To be convinced of the truth of the object, to be perfectly acquainted with the subject in view, to prepossess yourself with a low opinion of your audience, and to do the rest extempore: by this means strong expressions, new thoughts, rising passions, and the true declamatory style, will naturally ensue.

Fine declamation does not consist in flowery periods, delicate allusions, or musical cadences; but in a plain, open, loose style, where the periods are long and obvious; where the same thought is often exhibited in several points of view; all this strong sense, a good memory, and a small share of experience, will furnish to every orator; and without these a clergyman may be called a fine preacher, a judicious preacher, and a man of good sense; he may make his hearers admire *his understanding*, but will seldom enlighten theirs.

n their tones, where every sentiment, every
)n, seems the result of meditation and deep

)on has been commended as the model of pul-
ence ; thus far he should be imitated, where he
strives to convince rather than to please;
opt his long, dry, and sometimes tedious dis-
which serve to amuse only divines, and are
ıeglected by the generality of mankind, to
e intricacy of his periods, which are too long
)ken, to continue his cool phlegmatic manner
ing every truth, is certainly erroneous. As I
re, the good preacher should adopt no model,
sermons, study no periods; let him but under-
subject, the language he speaks, and be con-
the truths he delivers. It is amazing to what
:loquence of this kind may reach! This is
uence the ancients represented as lightning,
lown every opposer; this the power which has
hole assemblies into astonishment, admiration,
that is described by the torrent, the flame,
r other instance of irresistible impetuosity.
attempt such noble heights belongs only to
great, or the truly good. To discard the
ıner of reading sermons, or speaking sermons
to set up singly against the opposition of men,
attached to their own errors, and to endeavour
at instead of being prudent, are qualities we
:e united. A minister of the church of Eng-
) may be possessed of good sense and some
preferment, will seldom give up such sub-
dvantages for the empty pleasure of improv-
ty. By his present method he is liked by his
dmired by his dependents, not displeasing to
p; he lives as well, eats and sleeps as well,
ıl orator, and an eager asserter of his mission;
ıardly therefore venture all this to be called

perhaps an enthusiast; nor will he depart from customs established by the brotherhood, when by such a conduct he only singles himself out for their contempt.

CUSTOM AND LAWS COMPARED.

WHAT, say some, can give us a more contemptible idea of a large state than to find it mostly governed by custom; to have few written laws, and no boundaries to mark the jurisdiction between the senate and people? Among the number who speak in this manner is the great Montesquieu, who asserts that every nation is free in proportion to the number of its written laws, and seems to hint at a despotic and arbitrary conduct in the present king of Prussia, who has abridged the laws of his country into a very short compass.

As Tacitus and Montesquieu happen to differ in sentiment upon a subject of so much importance (for the Roman expressly asserts that the state is generally vicious in proportion to the number of its laws); it will not be amiss to examine it a little more minutely and see whether a state, which like England is burthened with a multiplicity of written laws, or which like Switzerland, Geneva, and some other republics, is governed by custom and the determination of the judge is best.

And to prove the superiority of custom to written *law* we shall at least find history conspiring. Custom *or the traditional* observance of the practice of thei

orefathers, was what directed the Romans as well in heir public as private determinations. Custom was ppealed to in pronouncing sentence against a criminal, here part of the formulary was *more majorum*. So allust speaking of the expulsion of Tarquin, says, *utato more*, and not *lege mutata*; and Virgil, *facisque mponere morem*. So that in those times of the emire, in which the people retained their liberty, they ere governed by custom; when they sunk into opression and tyranny, they were restrained by new ws, and the laws of tradition abolished.

As getting the ancients on our side is half a victory, will not be amiss to fortify the argument with an bservation of Chrysostom's; "That the enslaved are the fittest to be governed by laws, and free men by custom." Custom partakes of the nature of parental ajunction; it is kept by the people themselves, and oberved with a willing obedience. The observance of t must therefore be a mark of freedom, and coming riginally to a state from the reverenced founders of ts liberty, will be an encouragement and assistance to t in the defence of that blessing; but a conquered peoole, a nation of slaves, must pretend to none of this reedom, or these happy distinctions, having by degeeracy lost all right to their brave forefathers' free initutions, their masters will in a policy take the foreiture; and the fixing a conquest must be done by iving laws, which may every moment serve to remind he people enslaved of their conquerors, nothing being nore dangerous than to trust a late-subdued people ith old customs, that presently upbraid their degeneacy, and provoke them to revolt.

The wisdom of the Roman republic in their veneraon for custom, and backwardness to introduce a new w, was perhaps the cause of their long continuance, nd of the virtues of which they have set the world so any *examples*. But to show in what that wisdom

consists, it may be proper to observe, that the be
of new-written laws are merely confined to the c
quences of their observance; but customary laws, l
ing up a veneration for the founders, engage men i
imitation of their virtues as well as policy. To
may be ascribed the religious regard the Romans
to their forefathers' memory, and their adhering f
many ages to the pratice of the same virtues, w
nothing contributed more to efface than the introdu
of a voluminous body of new laws over the ne
venerable custom.

The simplicity, conciseness, and antiquity of cu
gives an air of majesty and immutability that ins
awe and veneration; but new laws are too apt t
voluminous, perplexed, and indeterminate; wh
must necessarily arise neglect, contempt, and i
rance.

As every human institution is subject to gross
perfections, so laws must necessarily be liable t
same inconveniencies, and their defects soon discov
Thus, through the weakness of one part, all the
are liable to be brought into contempt. But
weaknesses in a custom, for very obvious rea
evade an examination; besides, a friendly prej
always stands up in their favour.

But let us suppose a new law to be perfectly
table and necessary; yet, if the procurers of it
betrayed a conduct that confesses by-ends and pri
motives, the disgust to the circumstances dispose
unreasonably indeed, to an irreverence of the law it
but we are indulgently blind to the most visible im
fections of an old custom. Though we perceive
defects ourselves, yet we remain persuaded that
wise forefathers had good reason for what they did;
though such motives no longer continue, the be
will still go along with the observance, though we d
know how. It is thus the Roman lawyers sp

Non omnium, quæ a majoribus constituta sunt, ratio reddi protest, et ideo rationes eorum quæ constituuntur inquiri non oportet, alioquin multa ex his quæ certa sunt subvertuntur.

Those laws, which preserve to themselves the greatest love and observance, must needs be best; but custom, as it executes itself, must be necessarily superior to written laws in this respect, which are to be executed by another. Thus nothing can be more certain than that numerous written laws are a sign of a degenerate community, and are frequently not the consequences of vicious morals in a state, but the causes.

Hence we see how much greater benefit it would be to the state rather to abridge than increase its laws. We every day find them increasing; acts, and reports, which may be termed the acts of judges, are every day becoming more voluminous, and loading the subject with new penalties.

Laws ever increase in number and severity, until they at length are strained so tight as to break themselves. Such was the case of the latter empire, whose laws were at length become so strict, that the barbarous invaders did not bring servitude but liberty.

OF THE PRIDE AND LUXURY OF THE MIDDLING CLASS OF PEOPLE.

OF all the follies and absurdities, under whic this great metropolis labours, there is not one, I believ that at present appears in a more glaring and ridiculou light than the pride and luxury of the middling class c people; their eager desire of being seen in a spher far above their capacities and circumstances is daily nay hourly, instanced by the prodigious numbers of me chanics, who flock to the races, and gaming-tables, bro thels, and all public diversions this fashionable town af fords.

You shall see a grocer, or a tallow-chandler, snea from behind the compter, clap on a laced coat and bag, fly to the E. O. table, throw away fifty pieces wit some sharping man of quality; while his industrious wife is selling a penny-worth of sugar, or a pound o candles, to support her fashionable spouse in his extra vagances.

I was led into this reflection by an odd adventure which happened to me the other day at Epsom races whither I went, not through any desire I do assure yo of laying betts or winning thousands, but at the earnes request of a friend, who had long indulged the curiosity of seeing the sport, very natural for an Englishman When we had arrived at the course, and had taken se veral turns to observe the different objects that mad up this whimsical groupe, a figure suddenly darted by us, mounted and dressed in all the elegance of thos polite gentry, who come to show you they have a litt money, and rather than pay their just debts at home generously come abroad to bestow it on gamblers an

pick-pockets. As I had not an opportunity of viewing his face till his return, I gently walked after him, and met him as he came back, when, to my no small surprise, I beheld in this gay Narcissus the visage of Jack Varnish, a humble vender of prints. Disgusted at the sight, I pulled my friend by the sleeve, pressed him to return home, telling him all the way, that I was so enraged at the fellow's impudence, I was resolved never to lay out another penny with him.

And now, pray, sir, let me beg of you to give this a place in your paper, that Mr. Varnish may understand he mistakes the thing quite, if he imagines horse-racing recommendable in a tradesman; and that he who is revelling every night in the arms of a common strumpet, though blessed with an indulgent wife, when he ought to be minding his business, will never thrive in his world. He will find himself soon mistaken, his finances decrease, his friends shun him, customers fall off, and himself thrown into a jail. I would earnestly recommend this adage to every mechanic in London, "Keep your shop, and your shop will keep you." A strict observance of these words will, I am sure, in time, gain them estates. Industry is the road to wealth, and honesty to happiness; and he who strenuously endeavours to pursue them both, may never fear the critic's lash, or the sharp cries of penury and want.

SABINUS AND OLINDA.

IN a fair, rich, and flourishing country, whos clifts are washed by the German ocean, lived Sabinu a youth formed by nature to make a conquest whereve he thought proper; but the constancy of his dispositio fixed him only with Olinda. He was indeed superio to her in fortune, but that defect on her side was s amply supplied by her merit, that none was though more worthy of his regards than she. He loved he he was beloved by her; and in a short time, by joinin hands publicly, they avowed the union of their heart But alas! none, however fortunate, however happy, ar exempt from the shafts of envy, and the malignar effects of ungoverned appetite. How unsafe, how de testable are they who have this fury for their guide How certainly will it lead them from themselves, an plunge them in errors they would have shuddered a even in apprehension! Ariana, a lady of many amiabl qualities, very nearly allied to Sabinus, and highl esteemed by him, imagined herself slighted, and inju riously treated, since his marriage with Olinda. B uncautiously suffering this jealousy to corrode in he breast, she began to give a loose to passion; she forgo those many virtues, for which she had been so long an so justly applauded. Causeless suspicion and mistake resentment betrayed her into all the gloom of discon tent; she sighed without ceasing; the happiness o others gave her intolerable pain; she thought of no thing but revenge. How unlike what she was, th cheerful, the prudent, the compassionate Ariana.

She continually laboured to disturb an union so firmly so affectionately founded, and planned every schem *which she* thought most likely to disturb it.

Fortune seemed willing to promote her unjust intentions; the circumstances of Sabinus had been long embarrassed by a tedious law-suit, and the court determining the cause unexpectedly in favour of his opponent, it sunk his fortune to the lowest pitch of penury from the highest affluence. From the nearness of relationship Sabinus expected from Ariana those assistances his present situation required; but she was insensible to all his intreaties, and the justice of every remonstrance, unless he first separated from Olinda, whom she regarded with detestation. Upon a compliance with her desires in this respect, she promised that her fortune, her interest, and her all, should be at his command. Sabinus was shocked at the proposal; he loved his wife with inexpressible tenderness, and refused those offers with indignation, which were to be purchased at so high a price. Ariana was no less displeased to find her offers rejected, and gave a loose to all that warmth which she had long endeavoured to suppress. Reproach generally produces recrimination; the quarrel rose to such a height, that Sabinus was marked for destruction; and the very next day, upon the strength of an old family debt, he was sent to jail, with none but Olinda to comfort him in his miseries. In this mansion of distress they lived together with resignation and even with comfort. She provided the frugal meal; and he read to her while employed in the little offices of domestic concern. Their fellow-prisoners admired their contentment, and whenever they had a desire of relaxing into mirth, and enjoying those little comforts that a prison affords, Sabinus and Olinda were sure to be of the party. Instead of reproaching each other for their mutual wretchedness, they both lightened it, by bearing each a share of the load imposed by Providence. Whenever Sabinus showed the least concern on his dear partner's account, she conjured him by the love he bore her, by those tender ties which now united them for

ever, not to discompose himself; that so long as his affection lasted, she defied all the ills of fortune, and every loss of fame or friendship; that nothing could make her miserable but his seeming to want happiness, nothing pleased but his sympathising with her pleasure. A continuance in prison soon robbed them of the little they had left, and famine began to make its horrid appearance; yet still was neither found to murmur; they both looked upon their little boy, who, insensible of their or his own distress, was playing about the room, with inexpressible yet silent anguish, when a messenger came to inform them that Ariana was dead, and that her will in favour of a very distant relation, who was now in another country, might easily be procured and burnt, in which case all her large fortune would revert to him as being the next heir at law.

A proposal of so base a nature filled our unhappy couple with horror; they ordered the messenger immediately out of the room, and falling upon each other's neck, indulged an agony of sorrow; for now even all hopes of relief were banished. The messenger who made the proposal, however, was only a spy sent by Ariana to sound the dispositions of a man she loved at once and persecuted. This lady, though warped by wrong passions, was naturally kind, judicious, and friendly. She found that all her attempts to shake the constancy or the integrity of Sabinus were ineffectual; she had therefore begun to reflect, and to wonder how she could so long and so unprovoked injure such uncommon fortitude and affection.

She had from the next room herself heard the reception given to the messenger, and could not avoid feeling all the force of superior virtue; she therefore re-assumed her former goodness of heart; she came into the room with tears in her eyes, and acknowledged the severity of her former treatment. She bestowed her first care in providing them all the necessary sup-

lies, and acknowledged them as the most deserving eirs of her fortune. From this moment Sabinus enyed an uninterrupted happiness with Olinda, and both ere happy in the friendship and assistance of Ariana, ho, dying soon after, left them in possession of a large state, and in her last moments confessed that virtue as the only path to true glory; and that, however inocence may for a time be depressed, a steady perseerance will in time lead it to a certain victory.

THE SENTIMENTS OF A FRENCHMAN

ON THE

TEMPER OF THE ENGLISH.

NOTHING is so uncommon among the English that easy affability, that instant method of acquaintice, or that cheerfulness of disposition, which make France the charm of every society. Yet in this oomy reserve they seem to pride themselves, and ink themselves less happy, if obliged to be more soal. One may assert, without wronging them, that ey do not study the method of going through life with easure and tranquility like the French. Might not is be a proof that they are not so much philosophers they imagine? Philosophy is no more than the art making ourselves happy; that is of seeking pleasure

in regularity, and reconciling what we owe to society with what is due to ourselves.

This cheerfulness, which is the characteristic of our nation in the eye of an Englishman, passes almost for folly. But is their gloominess a greater mark of their wisdom? and folly against folly, is not the most cheerful sort the best? If our gaiety makes them sad, they ought not to find it strange, if their seriousness makes us laugh.

As this disposition to levity is not familiar to them, and as they look on every thing as a fault which they do not find at home, the English, who live among us, are hurt by it. Several of their authors reproach us with it as a vice, or at least as a ridicule.

Mr. Addison styles us a comic nation. In my opinion it is not acting the philosopher on this point, to regard as a fault that quality, which contributes most to the pleasure of society and happiness of life. Plato, convinced that whatever makes men happier, makes them better, advises to neglect nothing that may excite and convert to an early habit this sense of joy in children. Seneca places it in the first rank of good things. Certain it is, at least, that gaiety may be a concomitant of all sorts of virtue, but that there are some vices with which it is incompatible.

As to him that laughs at every thing, and him who laughs at nothing, neither of them has sound judgment. All the difference I find between them is, that the last is constantly the most unhappy. Those who speak against cheerfulness, prove nothing else, but that they were born melancholic, and that in their hearts they rather envy than condemn that levity they affect to despise.

The Spectator, whose constant object was the good of mankind in general, and of his own nation in particular, should, according to his own principles, place *cheerfulness* among the most desirable qualities; and

probably, whenever he contradicts himself in this particular, it is only to conform to the tempers of the people whom he addresses. He asserts that gaiety is one great obstacle to the prudent conduct of women. But are those of a melancholic temper, as the English women generally are, less subject to the foibles of love? I am acquainted with some doctors in this science, to whose judgment I would more willingly refer than to his. And perhaps in reality, persons naturally of a gay temper are too easily taken off by different objects, to give themselves up to all the excesses of this passion.

Mr. Hobbes, a celebrated philosopher of his nation, maintains that laughing proceeds from our pride alone. This is only a paradox if asserted of laughing in general, and only argues that misanthropical disposition for which he was remarkable.

To bring the causes he assigns for laughing under suspicion, it is sufficient to remark that proud people are commonly those who laugh least. Gravity is the inseparable companion of pride. To say that a man is vain, because the humour of a writer, or the buffooneries of a Harlequin excite his laughter, would be advancing a great absurdity. We should distinguish between laughter inspired by joy, and that which arises from mockery. The malicious sneer is improperly called laughter. It must be owned that pride is the parent of such laughter as this; but this is in itself vicious; whereas, the other sort has nothing in its principles or effects that deserves condemnation. We find this amiable in others, and is it unhappiness to feel a disposition towards it in ourselves?

When I see an Englishman laugh, I fancy I rather see him hunting after joy, than having caught it; and this is more particularly remarkable in their women, whose tempers are inclined to melancholy. A laugh leaves no more traces on their countenance than a flash of lightning on the face of the heavens. The most

laughing air is instantly succeeded by the most g
One would be apt to think that their souls ope
difficulty to joy, or at least that joy is not please
its habitation there.

In regard to fine raillery it must be allowed
is not natural to the English, and therefore tho
endeavour at it make but an ill figure. Some o
authors have candidly confessed, that pleasa
quite foreign to their character; but according
reason they give, they lose nothing by this conf
Bishop Sprat gives the following one: "The En
says he, "have too much bravery to be deride
"too much virtue and honour to mock others."

THE BEE, NO. VIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1759.

ON DECEIT AND FALSEHOOD.

The following account is so judiciously conceived, that I am convinced the reader will be more pleased with it, than with any thing of mine, so I shall make no apology for this new publication.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE BEE.

SIR,

DECEIT and falsehood have ever been an overmatch for truth, and followed and admired by the majority of mankind. If we inquire after the reason of this, we shall find it in our own imaginations, which are amused and entertained with the perpetual novelty and variety that fiction affords, but find no manner of delight in the uniform simplicity of homely truth, which still sues them under the same appearance.

He therefore that would gain our hearts must make his court to our fancy, which being sovereign comptroller of the passions, lets them loose, and inflames them more or less, in proportion to the force and efficacy of the first cause, which is ever the more powerful the more new it is. Thus in mathematical demonstrations

themselves, though they seem to aim at pure tru instruction, and to be addressed to our reason yet I think it is pretty plain, that our understan only made a drudge to gratify our invention and sity, and we are pleased not so much because o coveries are certain, as because they are new.

I do not deny but the world is still please things that pleased it many ages ago, but it sh the same time be considered, that man is natur much of a logician, as to distinguish between r that are plain and easy, and others that are ha inconceivable. What we understand we overlo despise, and what we know nothing of we hug a light in. Thus there are such things as pe novelties; for we are pleased no longer than amazed, and nothing so much contents us a which confound us.

This weakness in human nature gave occasi party of men to make such gainful markets a have done of our credulity. All objects and facts ever now ceased to be what they had been for e fore, and received what make and meaning it was convenient to put upon them: what people at drank, and saw, was not what they ate, and dran saw, but something farther, which they were f because they were ignorant of it. In short n was itself, but something beyond itself; and by artifices and amusements the heads of the worl so turned and intoxicated, that at last there was sc a sound set of brains left in it.

In this state of giddiness and infatuation it v very hard task to persuade the already deluded there was an actual society and communion be human creatures and spiritual dæmons. And they had thus put people into the power and cl of the devil, none but they alone could have eithe or strength to bring the prisoners back again.

But so far did they carry this dreadful drollery, and fond were they of it, that to maintain it and themves in profitable repute, they literally sacrificed for and made impious victims of numberless old women d other miserable persons, who either through ignoıce could not say what they were bid to say, or ough madness said what they should not have said. ar and stupidity made them incapable of defending emselves, and frenzy and infatuation made them ıfess *guilty impossibilities*, which produced cruel ıtences and then inhuman executions.

Some of these wretched mortals finding themselves her hateful or terrible to all, and befriended by none, d perhaps wanting the common necessaries of life, ne at last to abhor themselves as much as they were ıorred by others, and grew willing to be burnt or ıged out of a world, which was no other to them ın a scene of persecution and anguish.

Others of strong imaginations and little understands were by positive and repeated charges against m, of committing mischievous and supernatural ts and villanies, deluded to judge of themselves by judgment of their enemies, whose weakness or lice prompted them to be accusers. And many ve been condemned as witches and dealers with the il for no other reason but their knowing more than se who accused, tried, and passed sentence upon m.

In these cases credulity is a much greater error n infidelity, and it is safer to believe nothing than much. A man, that believes little or nothing of chcraft, will destroy nobody for being under the imation of it; and so far he certainly acts with humay to others, and safety to himself: but he that credits or too much upon that article, is obliged, if he acts ısistently with his persuasion, to kill all those whom takes to be the killers of mankind; and such are

witches. It would be a jest and a contradiction to say, that he is for sparing them who are harmless of that tribe, since the received notion of their supposed contract with the devil implies that they are engaged by covenant and inclination to do all the mischief they possibly can.

I have heard many stories of witches, and read many accusations against them; but I do not remember any, that would have induced me to have consigned over to the halter or the flame any of those deplorable wretches, who, as they share our likeness and nature, ought to share our compassion, as persons cruelly accused of impossibilities.

But we love to delude ourselves, and often fancy or forge an effect, and then set ourselves as gravely as ridiculously to find out the cause. Thus, for example, when a dream or the hyp has given us false terrors, or imaginary pains, we immediately conclude that the infernal tyrant owes us a spite, and inflicts his wrath and stripes upon us by the hands of some of his sworn servants amongst us. For this end an old woman is promoted to a seat in Satan's privy council, and appointed his executioner in chief within her district. So ready and civil are we to allow the devil the dominion over us, and even to provide him with butchers and hangmen of our own make and nature.

I have often wondered why we did not, in chusing our proper officers for Belzebub, lay the lot rather upon men than women, the former being more bold and robust, and more equal to that bloody service; but upon enquiry I find it has been so ordered for two reasons; first, the men, having the whole direction of this affair, are wise enough to slip their own necks out of the collar; and secondly an old woman is grown by custom the most avoided and most unpitied creature *under the* sun, the very name carrying contempt and *satire in it.* And so far indeed we pay but an un-

courtly sort of respect to Satan, in sacrificing to him nothing but the dry sticks of human nature.

We have a *wondering quality* within us, which finds huge gratification when we see strange feats done, and cannot at the same time see the doer, or the cause. Such actions are sure to be attributed to some witch or dæmon; for if we come to find they are slily performed by artists of our own species, and by causes purely natural, our delight dies with our amazement.

It is therefore one of the most unthankful offices in the world, to go about to expose the mistaken notions of witchcraft and spirits; it is robbing mankind of a valuable imagination, and of the privilege of being deceived. Those, who at any time undertook the task, have always met with rough treatment and ill language for their pains, and seldom escaped the imputation of atheism, because they would not allow the devil to be too powerful for the Almighty. For my part, I am so much a heretic as to believe, that God Almighty, and not the devil, governs the world.

If we inquire what are the common marks and symptoms, by which witches are discovered to be such, we shall see how reasonably and mercifully those poor creatures were burnt and hanged, who unhappily fell under that name.

In the first place the old woman must be prodigiously ugly; her eyes hollow and red, her face shrivelled; she goes double, and her voice trembles. It frequently happens, that this rueful figure frightens a child into the palpitation of the heart: home he runs, and tells his mamma, that goody such-a-one looked at him, and he is very ill. The good woman cries out, her dear baby is bewitched, and sends for the parson and the constable.

It is, moreover, necessary, that she be very poor. It is true, her master *Satan* has mines and hidden treasures in *his gift; but* no matter, she is for all that very

poor, and lives on alms. She goes to Sisly the coc maid for a dish of broth, or the heel of a loaf, and Si denies them to her. The old woman goes away m tering, and perhaps in less than a month's time Si hears the voice of a cat, and strains her ancles, whi are certain signs that she is bewitched.

A farmer sees his cattle die of the murrain, and t sheep of the rot, and poor goody is forced to be t cause of their death, because she was seen talking herself the evening before such a ewe departed, a had been gathering sticks at the side of the wood wh such a cow run mad.

The old woman has always for her companion an grey cat, which is a disguised devil too, and confeder with goody in works of darkness. They frequently journeys into Egypt upon a broom-staff in half hour's time, and now and then goody and her change shapes. The neighbours often overhear th in deep and solemn discourse together, plotting so dreadful mischief you may be sure.

There is a famous way of trying witches, reco mended by king James I. The old woman is tied ha and foot, and thrown into the river, and if she swi she is guilty, and taken out and burnt; but if she innocent, she sinks, and is only drowned.

The witches are said to meet their master frequen in churches and church-yards. I wonder at the bo ness of Satan and his congregation, in revelling a playing mountebank farces on consecrated groun and I have as often wondered at the oversight and policy of some people in allowing it possible.

It would have been both dangerous and impious have treated this subject at one certain time in t ludicrous manner. It used to be managed with possible gravity, and even terror; and indeed it w *made a tragedy* in all its parts, and thousands were *crificed,* or rather murdered, by such evidence and

lours as, God be thanked! we are at this day ashamed of. An old woman may be *miserable now*, and not be *hanged* for it.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

AUGUSTAN AGE OF ENGLAND.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity, rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation, and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X, in Italy, is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Louis XIV, but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

Some have looked upon the writers in the times of queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I, and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius, and, as before our writers charmed with their strength of thinking, so then they *pleased with* strength and grace united. In

that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness than the most important occurrences of even empires, which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

At that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public, are certain of living without dependence. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers, to set them above independence. Fame consequently then was the truest road to happiness; a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present never-failing resource.

The age of Charles II, which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced some writers that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge, and some wit, and his courtiers were generally men who had been brought up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sunshine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance. Hence it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'Estrange, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction, and having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and *consequently* a vulgarity, that discovers itself even in *his more liberal* compositions. He was the first writer

who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it through right and wrong for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself, and the papers he wrote even just before the revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence and perseverance. That he was a standard-writer cannot be disowned, because a great many very eminent authors formed their style by his. But his standard was far from being a just one; though when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

Dryden, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be a party-man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies as a writer were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease an elegance, that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

The English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died, (which he did in an *obscure* house near the Minories) he had

about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller. I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of L'Estrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

Lee had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe in particular seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it. Immorality has its cant as well as party, and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party-spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh following ribaldry was the highest instance of applause, the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked or neglected.

Virtuous sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The dispatches of sir Richard Fanchaw, sir William Godolphin, lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state are all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman; and his style is the model, by which the best prose writers in the reign of queen Anne formed theirs. The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as *striking* as that of his understanding. He never says

more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

Mr. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning, and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr Locke's head renders his language perspicuous, the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is a instance of the superiority of good sense over learning, towards the improvement of every language.

There is nothing peculiar to the language of archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him, wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, though artless, and every thing he says seems to flow spontaneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects.

The time seems to be at hand, when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose, as well as poetical writings; and though his friend doctor Sprat, bishop of Rochester, in his diction falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated; yet there is sometimes a happy flow in his periods, something that looks like eloquence. The style of his successor Atterbury has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party, but there is in it nothing extraordinary. Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the house of lords, before he was sent into exile, is void of eloquence, though he has been cried up by his friends to such a degree, that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

The philosophical manner of lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at, but perhaps had Cicero writ-

ten in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful, but such beauty, as upon nearer inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any other writer I know; all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but unhappily not one of his beauties.

Mr. Trenchard and Dr. Davenant were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though in other respects far their superior, never could arise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writing, for which they were so justly famous.

They were all of them exceeded by the late lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province; for as a philosopher and a critic he was ill qualified, being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his style, and an edge to his manner, that never yet have been equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn, which his friends mistook for philosophy, and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His Idea of a patriot King, which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against sir Robert Walpole, is a master-piece of diction. Even in his other works his style is excellent; but where a man either does not, or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be

iency. In politics he was generally master of
ıe undertook, in morals never.

Addison for a happy and natural style will be
an honour to British literature. His diction
wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects
lertakes to handle, as he never (at least in his
d works) attempts any thing either in the argu-
ive or demonstrative way.

ugh sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public
was owing to his connexions with Mr. Addison,
er their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his
as an author. This was not owing so much to
ident superiority on the part of Addison, as to
natural efforts which Steele made to equal or
him. This emulation destroyed that genuine
f diction which is discoverable in all his former
sitions.

ilst their writings engaged attention and the fa-
f the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endea-
were made towards forming a grammar of the
h language. The authors of those efforts went
wrong principles. Instead of endeavouring to
:h the absurdities of our language, and bringing
certain criterion, their grammars were no other
collection of rules attempting to naturalize those
ities, and bring them under a regular system.

ıewhat effectual however might have been done
ls fixing the standard of the English language,
not been for the spirit of party. For both whigs
ries being ambitious to stand at the head of so
ı design, the queen's death happened before any
f an academy could be resolved on.

ınwhile the necessity of such an institution be-
every day more apparent. The periodical and
al writers who then swarmed, adopted the very
manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency,
l *propriety of language*, was lost in the nation.

Leslie, a pert writer, with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse. His style and manner, both of which were illiberal, was imitated by Ridpath, De Foe, Dunton, and others of the opposite party, and Toland pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain; his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one, when he grew most licentious in the other.

Towards the end of queen Anne's reign, some of the greatest men in England devoted their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Steele, and many members of both houses of parliament, drew their pens for the whigs; but they seem to have been overmatched, though not in argument yet in writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They, who oppose a ministry, have always a better field for ridicule and reproof than they who defend it.

Since that period, our writers have either been encouraged above their merits or below them. Some who were possessed of the meanest abilities acquired the highest preferments, while others, who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon their age, perished by want and neglect. More, Savage, and Amherst were possessed of great abilities, yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of strong passions, and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

At present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I am at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public to a vicious taste in the poet, or in them.

Perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet either drily didactive gives us rules, which might appear abstruse even in a system of ethics, or, triflingly volatile, writes upon the most unworthy subjects; content, if he can give music instead of sense; content, if he can paint to the imagination, without any desires or endeavours to affect; the public, therefore, with justice discard such empty sound, which has nothing but a jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse, to recommend it. The late method, also, into which our newspapers have fallen, of giving an epitome of every new publication, must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself in this case at the mercy of men, who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own composition mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second work, by these means sink, among the crudities of the age, into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begins to turn her back: he therefore flies to Profit which invites him, and he enrols himself in the lists of Dulness and of Avarice for life.

Yet there are still among us men of the greatest abilities, and who in some parts of learning have surpassed their predecessors: justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity, but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might rise against every honoured name I should mention, since scarcely one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, &c.

OF THE OPERA IN ENGLAND.

THE rise and fall of our amusements pretty much resemble that of empire. They this day flourish without any visible cause for such vigour; the next they decay without any reason that can be assigned for their downfall. Some years ago the Italian opera was the only fashionable amusement among our nobility. The managers of the playhouses dreaded it as a mortal enemy, and our very poets listed themselves in the opposition; at present the house seems deserted the castrati sing to empty benches, even prince Volo gese himself, a youth of great expectations, sings him self out of breath, and rattles his chain to no purpose.

To say the truth, the opera, as it is conducted among us, is but a very humdrum amusement; in other countries the decorations are entirely magnificent, the singers all excellent, and the burlettas or interludes quite entertaining; the best poets compose the words and the best masters the music: but with us it is otherwise; the decorations are but trifling and cheap the singers, Matei only excepted, but indifferent. Instead of interlude, we have those sorts of skipping dances, which are calculated for the galleries of the theatre. Every performer sings his favourite song and the music is only a medley of old Italian airs, or some meagre modern capricio.

When such is the case, it is not much to be wondered if the opera is pretty much neglected; the lower orders of people have neither taste nor fortune to relish such an entertainment; they would find more satisfaction in the *Roast Beef of old England*, than in the finest closes of a eunuch; they sleep amidst all the agony of recitative; on the other hand, people of fortune e

taste can hardly be pleased, where there is a visible poverty in the decorations, and an entire want of taste in the composition.

Would it not surprise one, that when Metastasio is so well known in England, and so universally admired, the manager or the composer should have recourse to any other operas than those written by him. I might venture to say, that *written by Metastasio*, put up in the bills of the day, would alone be sufficient to fill a house, since thus the admirers of sense as well as sound might find entertertainment.

The performers also should be entreated to sing only their parts, without clapping in any of their own favourite airs. I must own, that such songs are generally to me the most disagreeable in the world. Every singer generally chooses a favourite air, not from the excellency of the music, but from the difficulty; such songs are generally chosen as surprise rather than please, where the performer may show his compass, his breath, and his volubility.

Hence proceed those unnatural startings, those unmusical closings, and shakes lengthened out to a painful continuance; such indeed may show a voice, but it must give a truly delicate ear the utmost uneasiness. Such tricks are not music; neither Corelli nor Pergolesi ever permitted them, and they begin even to be discontinued in Italy, where they first had their rise.

And now I am upon the subject: our composers also should affect greater simplicity; let their base cliff have all the variety they can give it; let the body of the music, if I may so express it, be as various as they please; but let them avoid ornamenting a barren ground work; let them not attempt by flourishing to cheat us of solid harmony.

The works of Mr. Rameau are never heard without a surprising effect. I can attribute it only to this simplicity he every where observes, insomuch that some

of his finest harmonies are often only octave an son. This simple manner has greater powers t generally imagined; and were not such a demo tion misplaced, I think from the principles of mu might be proved to be most agreeable.

But to leave general reflection. With the pr set of performers, the operas, if the conductor t proper, may be carried on with some success, they have all some merit; if not as actors, at le singers. Signora Matei is at once both a perfe tress and a very fine singer. She is possessed fine sensibility in her manner, and seldom ind those extravagant and unmusical flights of voice plained of before. Cornacini, on the other hand, very indifferent actor, has a most unmeaning seems not to feel his part, is infected with a passi showing his compass; but to recompense all thes fects, his voice is melodious, he has vast compass great volubility, his swell and shake are perfectly unless that he continues the latter too long. In s whatever the defects of his action may be, they are ply recompensed by his excellency as a singer; can I avoid fancying that he might make a n greater figure in an oratorio, than upon the stage.

However, upon the whole, I don't know whe ever operas can be kept up in England; they see be entirely exotic, and require the nicest manage and care. Instead of this, the care of them is assi to men unacquainted with the genius and dispos of the people they would amuse, and whose only tives are immediate gain. Whether a discontinu of such entertainments would be more to the lo the advantage of the nation, I will not take upo to determine, since it is as much our interest to in foreigners of taste among us on the one hand, as to discourage those trifling members of society, generally compose the operatical *dramatis personæ the other.*

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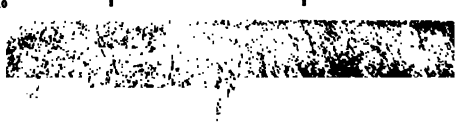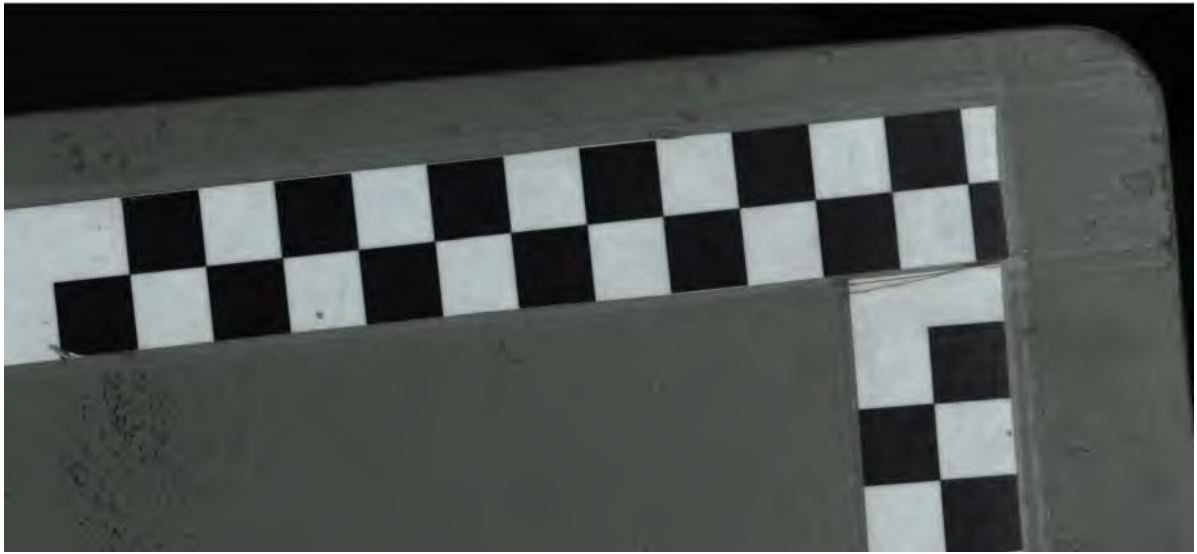
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